MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

LIFE AND CHARACTER OF

OLIVER P. MORTON

JANUARY 17TH AND 18TH 1878.

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MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

OLIVER P. MORTON,

(A SENATOR FROM INDIANA,)

DELIVERED IN THE

SENATE AND HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,

January 17 and 18, 1878.

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ADDRESSES

ON THE

DEATH OF OLIVER P. MORTON,

A SENATOR FROM INDIANA.

DELIVERED IN THE SENATE.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 17, 1878.

Mr. McDONALD. Mr. PRESIDENT: I send to the Secretary's desk resolutions to be read for information, and to be acted upon by the Senate in their proper order.

The VICE-PRESIDENT. The resolutions will be read.

The Chief Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That from an earnest desire to show every mark of respect to the memory of Hon. OLIVER P. MORTON, late a Senator of the United States from the State of Indiana, and to manifest the high estimate entertained of his eminent public services, his distinguished patriotism, and his usefulness as a citizen, the business of the Senate be now suspended that the friends and associates of the deceased Senator may pay fitting tribute to his public and private virtues.

Mr. McDONALD. Mr. President, I ask that that resolution be now adopted.

The resolution was considered, and agreed to unanimously.

The VICE-PRESIDENT. The remaining resolutions will be read.

The Chief Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That a wide-spread and public sorrow on the announcement of his death attested the profound sense of the loss which the whole country has sustained.

Resolved, That as a mark of respect for the memory of Mr. MORTON, the members of the Senate will go into mourning by wearing crape upon the left arm for thirty days.

Resolved, That the Secretary of the Senate communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives.

Resolved, That as an additional mark of respect for the memory of the deceased Senator, the Senate do now adjourn.

Address of Mr. McDONALD, of Indiana.

Mr. PRESIDENT: On the 1st day of November, 1877, in the afternoon, at five o'clock and twenty-eight minutes, my late colleague, OLIVER P. MORTON, departed this life.

The Senate, at the time, took note of his death and manifested its respect for him by the appointment of a committee to be present at his burial.

The resolutions which I submit to day for the consideration of the Senate are designed to be placed upon the journals of Congress, there to remain for all time a record-monument to his memory.

In moving these resolutions I do not expect to become his eulogist. I feel that I am not suited to the task.

We can all say that by his death a "great name has been stricken from the roll of the Senate." Few, if any, filled so large a space in the public mind during the eventful period in our history in which he lived. But the mellowing influence of time will have to cast its mantle over these events and the prominent part he took in them before a political opponent, and especially a citizen of his own State, can so far free his mind from the influences engendered by the political strifes as to be just, much less to be able to indulge in the pardonable license which sanctions the exaggeration of virtues and high quality and hides, as if with a veil, all defects.

Less than one year ago, when the Senate had under consideration the resolutions of the House of Representatives of respect to the memory of its late Speaker, Michael C. Kerr, Senator MORTON was borne from the Supreme Court room, where he was engaged as a member of the electoral commission, to this Chamber to take part in the proceedings. On that occasion, speaking of Mr. Kerr, he said:

> We live in a State somewhat distinguished of late years for the bitterness of its political contests. While he and I were on different sides, yet our personal relations were always good, and I now take pleasure in bearing testimony to his memory.

These words and this sentiment I can and do fully apply to him.

OLIVER P. MORTON was a native of the State of Indiana, and was born in the county of Wayne on the 4th day of August, 1823. A brief period in the common schools of his native State, four years' apprenticeship at the hatter's trade, and two short years at Oxford College, in the State of Ohio, made up the sum of his preparation to enter upon the business of life. Having chosen the profession of law, he devoted himself to its study and came to the bar in 1847. Had he continued in the practice of his profession, it is not to be doubted that, with the energy and ability he has displayed in other fields, he would have become a leading member in it. While he was more or less connected with the political controversies of the times, it was not until 1856 that he may be said to have entered actively into political life, when he became the candidate of what was known as the people's party for governor of the State.

Before that time, and up to 1854, he had been identified politically with the democratic party; but upon the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska act, by which the Missouri compromise line was repealed, he detached himself from that party and joined in the movement which resulted in the establishment first of the people's and afterwards of the republican party. But it was not until 1861 that he became generally known to the country. In October, 1860, he was elected lieutenant-governor of his State on the ticket with Governor Henry S. Lane, and upon the election of Governor Lane to the Senate, in January following, he became acting governor, and continued to be the chief magistrate of his native State until January, 1867, when he was elected a Senator from the State to succeed Senator Lane in this body. His course and conduct as governor of Indiana during the civil war are so well known to the country and have been so much the subject of comment as to make

it unnecessary for me to do more than refer to them. The energy with which he supported and upheld the power of the Federal Government in its efforts to suppress the rebellion won for him the name and title of the "war governor," and gave him a permanent place in the front rank of the public men of the country.

Naturally combative and aggressive, intensely in earnest in his undertakings, and intolerant in regard to those who differed with him, it is not strange that while he held together his friends and followers with hooks of steel, he caused many whose patriotism and love of country were as sincere and unquestioned as his own to place themselves in political hostility to him. And the political situation in Indiana was well expressed by him when he said, on the occasion I have already referred to:

> We live in a State somewhat distinguished of late years for the bitterness of its political contests.

During the early part of Governor MORTON'S political career he was as distinguished for his physical strength as for his mental ability and energy; but in the fall of 1865, almost without warning, he was stricken down by partial paralysis, from the disabilities of which he never recovered and which gradually but surely carried him to his grave. When he entered this Chamber to take his seat as a Senator he was enabled to do so only by the aid and assistance of others, and although unschooled in parliamentary law and without experience in the methods and proceedings of deliberative bodies, laboring under disabilities that would have induced most men to seek for quiet in retirement, almost from the first day he entered this Chamber he became the political leader of his party and maintained that position to the last; not that there were not other members of it who were his equals in intellect and his superiors in learning, yet there were none who possessed his untiring energy, his

sleepless industry, and his indomitable will. His loss of physical vigor seemed to have added concentrated power to his mental faculties and to have given increased activity to his mental energies, so that it appeared as if the mind was acting for both mind and body; and it is most probably true that this increase of mental activity and constant occupation rather added to his life by drawing the mind away from dwelling upon the helpless condition of his body and the incurable malady that had seized upon it.

I shall not undertake to follow OLIVER P. MORTON through his senatorial career. He became a member of this body after the rebellion had been suppressed and armed resistance to the Government put down, but before the method of dealing with the people of the Southern States or the policies that should govern in the re-establishment of the Federal authority over the States lately in rebellion had been decided upon or adopted. The two modes of what was termed a "restoration" of the Union on the one hand, or a "reconstruction" of it on the other, were then being actively canvassed in the national councils and before the country.

Although in the inception of these questions it was understood that Governor MORTON favored what was known as the restoration policy, yet upon becoming a member of this body, for reasons no doubt satisfactory to himself, he became the champion of the reconstruction policy, and continued to be the advocate of that policy, and the logical results of it, during the remainder of his life. He also took a leading part in all the discussions and debates that arose in this body from time to time as is fully shown by the records of its proceedings. But his labors during the last session of the last Congress furnished the most striking illustration of his sleepless energy. As chairman of the Committee on Privileges and Elections it became his duty to direct and control the investigation ordered

by the Senate into the elections in several of the Southern States and respecting the Oregon electoral vote. His determined opposition to the electoral bill and his efforts to defeat it are well remembered by all who were members of this body at that time.

His labors upon the electoral commission during the eventful period when it seemed as if the very foundations of our Government were in danger of being uprooted are vividly remembered by all. Physically disabled, yet he was everywhere present; borne to his committee-room, carried to this Chamber, lifted to his seat in the electoral commission by the strong arms of others, there remaining into the long, dreary hours of the night, tireless among the tired, pressing on where strong men gave way, he presents a picture that may well excite our wonder and challenge our admiration, and for which history furnishes no example. I may, however, be allowed to say that in all these things the part he played was intensely partisan. To him it may have appeared true statesmanship. In the great contest then going on it may have seemed to him that the success of his party was essential to the welfare of his country. By his own declaration, he opposed the electoral bill because he "did not want to give up a certainty for an uncertainty." His action in the committee and, as far as we are able to judge, on the electoral commission, was aimed especially to maintain that vantage-ground; and when success was finally attained it may be said that it rounded up and closed his political career.

The subsequent events of his life were unimportant and will attract but little attention when the history of these times shall have been written.

That OLIVER P. MORTON was a great man is conceded by all. In regard to his qualities as a statesman, men do differ now and always will. But that he was a great partisan leader—the greatest

of his day and generation—will hardly be questioned; and his place in that particular field will not, perhaps, be soon supplied. Nowhere will his loss be so severely felt as among his friends and followers in his own native State.

Viewing him simply as a partisan, even his opponents concede that he possessed many high and generous qualities. If he struck hard blows, he did not shrink from receiving hard blows in return; and when the strife was over he was ever ready to extend a hand and to sink, if not forget, the past. And while he never gave up a partisan advantage, he was ever ready to perform a personal act of kindness and friendship to a political adversary as well as to a political friend; and the undying love and affection of those who stood nearest and dearest to him in the relations of life attest the warmth and strength of his own affections.

And now, Mr. President, that he has gone to his grave, where we all are soon to follow him, if he had faults let them be buried with him. Let us remember and cherish only those kindly feelings and sentiments which his higher and better qualities inspired.

Address of Mr. EDMUNDS, of Vermont.

Mr. PRESIDENT: The tribute I offer to the memory of the late Senator from Indiana flows from a personal intercourse of good will and general sympathy covering the period of his whole career in the Senate, from 1867 to the time of his death, and also from the high estimate I have formed of his extraordinary ability and the purity and breadth of the purposes of his political life.

However much he differed with his political opponents, and not infrequently with some of his political associates, the warmest controversy rarely, if ever, interfered with the kindliness of his per-

sonal relations with his fellow Senators. His was one of the natures, not too common in the world, that could without animosity receive as well as give hard blows in debate, that with men differently constituted would long rankle in personal bitterness and dislike. But in the time allotted to the occasion I must speak of his relations to public affairs rather than of those felicities of character that made his intercourse with his fellow-men in the communications of private life a pleasure to all who knew him.

The qualities that command the largest measure of material success in affairs are a clearness of understanding that brings into view from the beginning the definite end and the most available processes by which it is to be reached, together with that force of will which is tireless in its persistence and that quickness of decision which utilizes instantly the commanding points in every crisis, that never leaves an enterprise waiting upon doubts until the tide that might have borne it on to fortune has receded and left the nascent victory a helpless wreck. Men with such qualities become the founders or saviors of States and systems and policies; and they are the leaders of men, not from the intrigues of craft and cunning or the power of wealth or rank or the traditions of a family, but from an innate and rightful sovereignty in human nature.

These qualities are not those essentially necessary to oratory, and they frequently exist without it. Conspicuous examples of these differences exist in the history of every people. The finest flights of Cicero or of Burke had little effect upon the condition of the Roman or English nation compared with the plain speech and prompt action of a Cæsar or a Cromwell.

Although not wanting in many things which are usually considered to be parts of oratorical power, Mr. MORTON'S greater power consisted in the large possession of the characteristics I have named

as belonging to natural leaders of men, and in his plain but persuasive modes of impressing his views upon others and the fitness of their following him to their realization.

As a lawyer it perhaps cannot be said that he possessed that subtlety in dialectics and that copiousness of technical learning that would have made him pre-eminent at the bar in the disposition of cases arising in the affairs of a conventional state of society and a complicated system of jurisprudence. But, as has been said of the famous French lawyer and statesman, Odillon Barrot, his real strength lay in matters "which he could lift into public events of paramount importance by referring them to the broad principles on which all systems of social order or policy are based." In discussions of this character he had few equals. The graphic clearness of his statements, the simple directness of his logic, and the sense of his sincere earnestness that he impressed upon his hearers, placed him fairly among the most powerful and successful of speakers.

Like many men of such great and extraordinary gifts and qualities, with usually a most sincere belief in the value of the ends he had in view on particular occasions and an intense desire to attain them, he was not always careful as to the consistency of the methods of reaching them or of the harmony of those methods with his previous opinions. The object appearing to him to be a high one, as of justice or equal rights, he did not always pause in his pursuit of it to consider whether the path he trod in reaching it was the same with or differing from that he had thought the only fit one on some former occasion. But such inconsistencies were in their nature far from the shifting selfishness of the demagogue or the vacillations of weakness; they arose rather out of the very intensity of his belief in the virtue and importance of the thing to be accomplished, which to him made the most available reasons and processes of action the

true ones, however much opposed in the abstract they may have been to opinions he had before expressed. Such peculiarities as these, while in many men they would be vices, were with him almost virtues; for they were never shown for selfish or personal aims, but always on occasions when it appeared to him that the safety of the Republic was at stake or the liberties and rights of citizens were in peril.

Perhaps the most remarkable period in his career was while he was governor of Indiana, during the darkest days of the rebellion. This is not the proper occasion to describe in detail the almost insurmountable dangers and difficulties with which he was surrounded; dangers and difficulties before which the hearts of many would have sunk and the efforts of many would have failed. But his brave soul seemed to grow stronger as perils increased, and his quickness of perception and fertility in expedients generally frustrated the plans of the enemies of the Republic, and stimulated to greater activity its weak supporters and its lukewarm friends.

From the arduous and multifarious duties of his executive life we follow him to this body, in which he took his seat on the 4th of March, 1867.

Here he found pending problems in legislation, and concerning the future frame-work and nature of the Government, as difficult and embarrassing as any perhaps that have ever been experienced by a civilized people. Their nature and scope are familiar to us all.

To their solution Mr. MORTON brought a fervent love of that real liberty and equality of rights among men that can exist only under the security of provisions of fundamental law, and can only be practically defended and promoted by the enactment of statutes, and their fearless and vigilant enforcement by the judiciary and executive power. His voice was always raised in favor of measures

looking to these ends. To his zeal and vigor in debate the country is much indebted for two of the constitutional amendments and the statutes to enforce them that have been made since the close of the war of the rebellion. Whatever of failure may have occurred in realizing all that true liberty under the law implies cannot be attributed to any want of interest or active effort on his part. He firmly believed that there had been a great and beneficent change, a lawful revolution in the form of the Government in the direction of equal rights, as the fair fruit of a revolution that had been attempted in the interest of slavery and secession; and, to quote the words of the French statesman to whom I have compared him, he believed that it would be a misfortune more real than the woes attending the rebellion itself for those who had failed "to think that there had been no revolution, for, for this very reason, there may be two instead of one. And in truth, if a revolution without cause is fatally condemned to miscarry, the miscarriage is not less infallible for a revolution without effect."

He was a man of strong passions and great talents, and was, as a consequence, a devoted partisan. He had no faith in that philosophy of government imputed to Louis Napoleon when President of France, which led him to suppose that he could dominate all parties by taking ministers who represented none. He did not believe that the present security or the permanent peace of the country could be obtained without inscribing the results of the war in the sacred pages of the Constitution itself, and in enacting and enforcing measures of legislation that, if observed, should make liberty and equal rights as great a beneficence as without such protection they would be to the poor and downcast a mockery and a snare. So believing and so acting, he was consistently conspicuous in his devotion to the ends he had in view. In the fields in

which his patriotism was exerted it may be said of him, as it was of the Knights of Saint John in the holy wars:

> In the forefront of every battle was seen his burnished mail, and in the gloomy rear of every retreat was heard his voice of constancy and of courage.

Now when his labors are closed and he has departed from among us, this high body rightly sets apart a day of solemn memorial to his memory that, more lasting than monuments of bronze or of marble, will remain as long as the records of history endure.

Address of Mr. THURMAN, of Ohio.

Mr. PRESIDENT, I have always entertained the opinion that an occasion like this—when the whole Senate, differing widely in political opinions, as its members ever have done and ever will do, unite in paying tribute to the memory of a deceased brother—is not a proper occasion for unmeasured praise on the one hand or criticism on the other of his political life. OLIVER P. MORTON was too prominent a man in American politics, for nearly a quarter of a century, to be forgotten; and his friends and his adversaries may safely trust to the sober influences of time for a correct estimate of his political character.

In the brief remarks that I shall submit to-day I shall speak of the man, not of the politician. It is true that it is difficult to separate the man from the politician in speaking of OLIVER P. MORTON, for he lived and moved and had his being in the atmosphere of politics, and in that atmosphere and by its influence his personal traits of character were most strikingly developed and sharply defined. In any sphere of life he would have been a remarkable man, for his ability, his energy, his determination, and his industry were all remarkable. But practical politics was his

true sphere, for in no other occupation could he have displayed in so signal a manner that quickness of apprehension, force of logic, singular audacity, inflexibility of purpose, and controlling power over the opinions and actions of others, by which he was so eminently distinguished and which so well qualified him to be a leader among men.

Suffering for years from a painful and hopeless disease that ultimately terminated his life, we yet saw him, year after year, perform an amount of labor from which the most robust man might have recoiled as from a task too heavy to be borne. He evaded no duty however onerous; he asserted his claim to leadership at all times and under all circumstances however great might be the sacrifice of comfort, repose, or health. He was not a scholar in the broad sense of the term, and he did not pretend to be. His speeches were distinguished by logical force and earnestness, and not by beauty of expression, figures of rhetoric, or classical allusions. He always spoke for a purpose and not for show, for he was very free from vanity. But while his general scholarship was not great there were some subjects that he had studied with much care, and he was very remarkable for the quickness with which he gathered and mastered the facts of any subject debated in the Senate. He was averse to personalities in even the most heated party debates, and in social intercourse he was uniformly courteous and amiable. It is gratifying to me to remember that often as we were engaged in discussion, and sometimes very exciting discussion, no unkind word ever passed between us, and our personal relations were always kind and friendly.

Address of Mr. CONKLING, of New York.

Mr. PRESIDENT, in ancient times those nearest the dead spoke in their funerals. Fathers celebrated the bravery and achievements of their sons, and the graces and virtues of wives and of daughters were publicly recited and extolled by those who loved and mourned them most.

These customs have been banished by modern civilization or modern manners. Now, the fondest lips are sealed, and the ashes and the fame of the departed are no longer committed to those who would shield and treasure them with the tender partiality of bereaved affection.

It is difficult to note a change so great, in a matter so deep-rooted in the heart of man—so hallowed and mastered by instinct and innate emotion, without wonder that the same beings in different generations should be moved to such different manifestations of the same sentiment and the same sorrow.

Death is nature's supreme abhorrence. The dark valley, with its weird and solemn shadows, illumined by the rays of Christianity is still the ground which man shudders to approach. The grim portals, and the narrow house, seem in the lapse of centuries to have gained rather than lost in impressive and foreboding horror.

It must have been while musing over this puzzling fact that an illustrious American—gifted as a poet, and therefore gifted as a philosopher—wrote these graceful, memorable words:

> In the temple of Juno, at Elis, Sleep and his twin-brother, Death, were represented as children reposing in the arms of Night. On various funeral monuments of the ancients the Genius of Death is sculptured as a beautiful youth, leaning on an inverted torch, in the attitude of repose, his wings folded and his feet crossed. In such peaceful and attractive forms did the imagination of ancient poets and sculptors represent death. And these were men in whose souls the religion of Nature was like the light of stars, beautiful, but faint and cold! Strange, that, in later days, this angel of God, which leads us with a gentle hand into the "land of the great departed, into the silent land," should have been transformed into a monstrous and terrific thing! Such is the spectral rider on the white horse;—such the ghastly skeleton with scythe and hour-glass;—the Reaper, whose name is Death.

Whether owing to the tendencies here suggested, or to other promptings, the usage of paying public tribute to those who have gone, now admits to its privilege few who stand in relations so close as brother Senators.

When a member of the Senate, weary with the toil of years, worn with labors which observe no hours, long and harshly criticised perhaps when the truth if known would have changed critics to eulogists, crowned with duties well done and honors well earned—when such an one, beckoned by the shadowy hand, retreats from the din of life, and the gates have closed behind him forever, it is decorous that those who are so soon to follow him should pause, and bear public testimony of the esteem in which they held him, and of the approbation which they know he deserved. Their utterances may not add a cubit or an hour to his fame, but they strengthen and brighten the links of the chain which should bind men and Senators together.

It is not my purpose to repeat the story of a career which the nation knows by heart.

The Senate has heard in feeling and graceful words many incidents of a life devoted to the public service, and enduringly associated with events grand, arduous, and historic.

I rose only to add my tribute of respect and admiration for the genius and the services of a remarkable man, and to unite with the people of Indiana in the grief with which they mourn the death of their illustrious Senator.

As a party leader, he was too great for any party or any State readily to supply his place.

As an efficient, vigilant, and able representative, he had no superior in either House of Congress.

Oppressed and crippled by bodily infirmity, his mind never fal-

tered or flagged. Despite pain and sickness, so long as he could be carried to his seat he was never absent from the Senate or the committee. No labor discouraged him, no contingency appalled him, no disadvantage dismayed him, no defeat disheartened him.

Those who encountered him in debate or in affairs will never forget his ability, his zeal, his industry, his energy, his fertility, his varied powers, or above all his indomitable heart. Living in an era of extraordinary activities and forces, he has left a deep and lasting impress on his times. He will go down to a far hereafter, not as one who embellished and perpetuated his name by a studied and scholastic use of words, nor as a herald of resounding theories, but rather as one who day by day on the journey of life met actual affairs and realities and grappled them with a grasp too resolute and quick to loiter for the ornament or the advantage of protracted and tranquil meditation.

He needs no epitaph but his name; and though brass may corrode, and marble molder, men will still remember OLIVER PERRY MORTON as a leading and manful defender of the Republic in the Republic's most dire and heroic age.

Address of Mr. BURNSIDE, of Rhode Island.

Mr. PRESIDENT, I will be pardoned, I am sure, for making some two or three allusions personal to myself in speaking of our distinguished deceased brother Senator.

My acquaintance with him began in boyhood. We were born and reared in the same neighborhood. We left our homes to enter college the same year, he as a student at Miami University and I as a cadet in the United States Military Academy.

In consequence of these early relations I have watched his career with great interest and pride. Our walks in life led us apart until the war of the rebellion, during a portion of which we were intimately associated, he as governor of the great State of Indiana and I as military commander of the Department of the Ohio. The friendship that had existed from boyhood was strengthened by the kind, strong, efficient counsel and co-operation he gave me during my service in that department. After the termination of this association, I naturally watched his career with an increased interest. It was with great personal satisfaction that I found him the recognized leader of the republican party upon this floor when I joined him here.

In all the walks of life MORTON has proved himself a great man. The high position which he attained was in no sense due to accident. No fortuitous circumstances brought him into prominence. He did not spring from the humble walks of life and rise through great difficulties to eminence; nor did he separate himself by self-denial from a life of ease and luxury with a view to taking upon himself the labors and responsibilities of a public man, which latter course is oftener harder to pursue than the former. Nor did he come from that class who are educated for the learned professions, from which the stepping-stone to public distinction is comparatively easy when the aspirants are possessed of intelligence, integrity, and industry, but he sprang from that great conservative class which is composed of men engaged in agricultural and mechanical pursuits, whose dispositions, as a rule, are to continue in the course upon which they enter until their works are crowned with moderate success or ended in failure. MORTON, however, broke from this temptation, (if it may be so called,) and determined early in life to attain distinction, if possible, as a public man. By dint of great

industry and economy he acquired a good education and began the study of law under the direction of one of Indiana's most sterling and distinguished men, Hon. John S. Newman, and soon acquired great proficiency in his profession. The example of this accomplished gentleman for industry and integrity doubtless had a great influence upon MORTON'S after-life.

From boyhood he was fond of debate upon political topics, and early attained prominence as a political leader. When but thirty-three years of age he became the candidate of his party for the high office of governor of his native State, and won during that canvass a reputation as a debater that followed him through life, and which at his death was world-wide. What gave him his greatest strength as a debater was his great desire and facility for learning and presenting the facts of a case. He was rarely found wrong in his statements, and was always ready to appeal to the records and to abide the results. Another prominent characteristic was his fairness. Any fact claimed by his opponent and well established by the record he always conceded. There was but little repetition in his speeches. After he had once presented his facts or theories distinctly they were dropped until some one of his opponents made it necessary to refer to them again. He never wearied his political friends by too much speech, and always occupied his opponents. He rarely, if ever, indulged in personalities or in frivolities. It is said by those who have known him very intimately that he had a hard struggle with himself in early life to break the habit of indulgence in wit and ridicule which his keen sense of humor was apt to lead him into. Upon the breaking out of the rebellion MORTON at once sprang into still greater prominence. His great services as one of the war governors have been fully portrayed upon this occasion, and I will not detain the Senate by reiterating

them. It will not be amiss, however, to refer to a few of his more prominent characteristics. His great care and love for the soldiers of his State, not only while they were in the field but after their return to their homes, won for him their great respect and affection. He was eminently patriotic. No sacrifice was too great for him to make in the cause of his country.

He was a lover of law and order, and was averse to being led into an arbitrary exercise of authority by the emergencies of the war. I remember while I was in command of the Department of the Ohio, which department embraced the State of Indiana, that I had occasion to issue a general order with a view to reaching persons who I thought were indulging in treasonable speeches. Under this order some prominent citizens were arrested, and among them a prominent citizen of Ohio, and one of the State senators of the State of Indiana. MORTON urgently argued with me against the wisdom and justice of the arrest of these citizens, and demanded the release of the State senator, notwithstanding the fact that he was one of his most bitter political opponents. He had ambition, but never allowed it to blind him to what he conceived to be the best interests of the country. He was a prominent aspirant for the nomination by his party at the last presidential election, and was doubtless sorely disappointed at his failure to receive the nomination, but when he wrote his letter of advice to his fellow-citizens as to the duty of the hour, all were assured that this failure had engendered in him no ill-will toward his party or to the distinguished gentleman who received the nomination, but quite the reverse; he was ready and anxious to give him his full support and encouragement.

His unbounded affection for his family was one of his striking characteristics. His estimable wife was his almost constant com-

panion when he was not engaged in his public duties. His devotion to his friends was marked in the extreme, which accounts for the great affection in which he was held by all those who were intimately associated with him.

MORTON was a great man. His judgment was good; his power of research was great, his integrity was high, his patriotism was lofty, his love of family and friends unlimited, his courage indomitable. No feeble words of mine can express the great loss which this body, his native State, and our country have sustained by his death.

Address of Mr. MORGAN, of Alabama.

Mr. PRESIDENT, on an occasion such as this, when a nation is paying its tribute of respect to a great citizen, it is not fitting that any section of the Union should be silent. The West has spoken and the East has answered; the voice of sorrow that for months past has wailed mournfuly along the shores of the lakes of the North is also echoed by the sighing breezes of the Gulf of Mexico. If this were the house of mourning, where none but those who were the beloved of the great Senator were expected to speak, I should feel that I was compelled to remain silent. But it is the Senate that conducts these obsequies, and the States are all here to participate. Indiana has suffered a bereavement in the death of an honored son that touches the hearts of her people with profound grief; and Alabama lays upon his tomb a bough of her evergreen magnolia, crowned with its white emblems of peace, in token of her sense of the immortality of his fame, and with it she extends to Indiana the hand of sympathizing and honest-hearted friendship.

Senator MORTON did not live to see the States all reassembled in this Chamber. Since 1873 the grand roll-call of the States was

never fully completed in his hearing. He was not content that it should be completed, under his views of the Constitution, with the representation which was sent here, and in this great controversy States stood arrayed against him, but they are now assembled at his funeral rites. They are here as members of a bereaved family. They bow in chastened sorrow to the omnipotent hand that will soon smite others of their sons with death, and if rightly conscious of the imperfections of their own representatives, and if they are properly considerate of duty, they are prepared to bury every bitter resentment of the past, and to cherish only the good that has been evolved through their common trials and sufferings and even through their angry strife.

If Senator MORTON were here in person, as he will long remain in spirit and influence, he would realize that this full Senate is a power better worthy to be made useful in the high purposes of serving the country in promoting its great moral and material interests than as an instrumentality of strife and in struggles for power, whether that power is claimed by ambitious men, or by rival sections of the country, or by political parties.

He would do all within the range of his great abilities to make the Senate worthy of the age and a pattern for the statesmen of coming generations. He would not waste his energies in renewing conflicts that are ended, nor would he encourage us to turn aside from our practical duties to engage in the fruitless discussion of past grievances, whether real or imaginary. With a heart truly and fully American, and a mind amply stored with treasures of knowledge, and with an energy of will of which the march of American progress is the truest and most vivid illustration, he would set to work to build up every waning industry, to renew hope in every languishing heart, and to open up new fields of

enterprise to the boundless energy of our people. If he had differed always and everywhere with the people of Alabama, they would not have remembered their differences a day longer than he had brought his great powers to this form of the service of his country.

It is sad for the country that a man so capable and so trusted should have been removed while in the meridian of his influence and power.

Senator MORTON'S political life was largely spent in the midst of war. To maintain the cause for which he struggled, he believed that he was compelled to lay his hand on the sword of military power. He grasped it firmly. He wielded it without pause or questioning, but with perfect loyalty to his country.

In this he only did his duty; for the country of his soul's allegiance required it of him. He could not have done less. However the laws may otherwise declare, his country where he dwells, the place that is sanctified with the name of home, will be the sovereign of an honest man's heart and will command his allegiance.

When others thought that the sword had served its full purpose and should be sheathed he mistrusted that it was further needed, and he held to it with a firmer grasp. In this the South was opposed to him, and its wail of anguish was bitter against him. While he held the sword suspended the South had no shield for its uncovered bosom. It was natural that its heart should chill toward him. It would be untrue to say that it did not, and he would have despised the falsehood. But this attitude was changed, and no man was more ready than he was to recognize the new order of things. Almost his dying words attest the fact.

His nature was intensely combative, but his ear was ever ready to listen to the bugles of truce. He did not persecute in secret

inquisitions. He openly denounced what he conceived to be wrong in his opponents and demanded the vengeance of the law. How he acted toward his friends we were not in position to know. He was no conspirator. His nature was above that mean level where men of great powers sometimes get their consent to serve a cause that they even conceive to be just in the dark and devious ways of fraud and conspiracy. Senator MORTON was an open, bold, and defiant antagonist. His opponents always knew where to find him, and when he meant to strike. In this respect even those who suffered from his blows learned to honor him.

To do him justice in another important respect it is necessary to say that he lived during an era of our history beset with great temptations and had the fullest opportunity to grow rich by stealth, and yet he escaped all suspicion of dishonesty. He was an honest man. It is here that the people have planted a white stone, and every contribution to his honor will cluster about it as the best and most enduring foundation of his immortal fame.

His record is before the country. It is easily understood, bold, fearless, direct, and distinct. His individuality was so distinctive that it is a rare occurrence that his name has a fixed historical association with his great contemporaries as the associates of his labors. There is no evasion or darkness in the definitions of his principles or policies. Most of his thoughts connected with public affairs are on the records of the Senate. He spoke freely on all subjects that he discussed, and few important measures failed to attract his attention. Yet the country never tired of listening to him, such was the vigor of his thoughts and the profound depth of his convictions and the boldness of his utterances.

When such a man is deceived, as all men are liable to be deceived, as to matters of fact relating to the graver duties of government, the

country is endangered. So much power as he possessed, when misdirected, is of necessity dangerous. His record will receive impartial criticism. He would not have asked that it be forbearing. It contains no plea for lenient consideration. His opinions are too bold and too broadly and confidently stated to be drifted off into neutral ground. They will enter the conflict with self-asserting energy though their author is no longer here to defend them. In many important matters time alone will demonstrate their value. They will always be respected. In the most essential points where differences have existed between him and the people of Alabama, they have been differences of opinion. In some respects those differences were in sharp and decided conflict. But in no respect was it true that either he or they desired to do wrong the one to the other. The hostility was not in the intent or the purpose. It was the conflict of opinions, too often, I fear, based on misconceptions of fact, the correction of which other evil influences rendered for the time impossible.

The grand outline of the retrospect of American statesmanship is not marred, but is rather rendered more pleasing, as it has also become more a cause of national pride, by the rugged and isolated peak that seems to have been thrown up from lower depths by some great social and political revolution and to have risen high above the elevated plane on which so many monuments are raised to commemorate our great and deathless names. MORTON builded his own monument, no other hand assisting. To the nation is only left the duty of inscribing his epitaph upon it. This should not be written now. It should be left to a more impartial generation.

The great Senator rests in the bosom of a generous and grateful country. Millions of hearts are saddened by his loss, while they beat with pride at the mention of his name; and thus are cherished

the memories that we style immortal. In minds alive to grateful remembrances, and in living, pulsating hearts, day by day, the fame and glory of our dead statesmen and heroes live. They are storied in books and sculptured in monuments, but they live on, and on, through ceaseless years in the hearts of the people, where they are never forgotten. Thus will MORTON live, and thus will his fame be cherished so long as any who claim to be American shall exist. This is indeed a proud immortality.

Address of Mr. BOOTH, of California.

Mr. PRESIDENT, to epitomize the life and character of OLIVER PERRY MORTON in the few moments devoted to these observances is impossible to mortal utterance. The stalwart proportions of his living presence are but realized by the void his death has made.

But yesterday he was one of us, of like clay and passions. The echoes of his voice have scarcely died in this Chamber. To-day he is as far from us as Demosthenes or Abraham or the generations that perished before the flood.

Less than most men intellectually his equals does he need the voice of eulogy. The clearness of his purposes, the boldness of his opinions, his tireless activity, his indomitable will, have impressed "the very age and body of the time." His life was a force which cannot die.

That fireside criticism which dwells apart in the seclusion of its own self-importance and would not soil its dainty fingers by contact with affairs, which believes government is a science as exact as mathematics, that human nature is plastic as clay and cold as marble, may dwarf his image in the penny mirror it holds up to the universe and in which the only colossal figure it beholds is the

reflection of itself; but he has made his own place in history "safe 'gainst the tooth of time and razure of oblivion."

He lived in an heroic age—this age—an age so great that the distance of intervening centuries will be necessary to measure its heroism, its achievements, and its sacrifices.

We, as Americans, must be excusable for believing, we should be inexcusable if we did not believe, that no political question of graver consequence to all succeeding time was ever confronted by any people than that which culminated in our civil war. History will record that the war was the inevitable result of an irrepressible conflict of moral forces, for which peace had no arbitrament. MORTON'S life was cast in a State where this conflict of opinion was eager, passionate, and doubtful. He was at the meeting of the currents in the circling of the maelstrom. What to others was a conviction, a sentiment, to him became an inspiration and a passion. He was intensely American. For his large nature, and for his great ambition too, the continent was none too wide. That his country should play a subordinate part in human affairs never entered his imagination to conceive. He would have enlarged the bounds of destiny to give it scope and amplitude. The sentiment that this is a "nation, one, indivisible, indestructible," so permeated his intellect that any other seemed political profanation and sacrilege. With him this was not a theory of construction, but a source and center; not an abstraction, but living faith. Not Webster has expressed his faith with more massive strength, nor Baker with more impassionate fervor.

No man had an earlier or clearer apprehension of the magnitude of the war on whose verge we stood and the tremendous issues it involved. Of Titan mold, near to nature, elemental powers were his familiars. He had an instinctive sense of the awful forces that

are unleashed by war. He knew that in the air, so still it would not stir the floating down, the fury of the tempest slept.

In the halcyon days, amid delusive promises of peace, he saw that war was inevitable, and rose to the supreme height of the occasion. In a speech on the 22d of November, 1860, which rang through the country like a call to arms, he said:

> Seven years is but a day in the life-time of a nation, and I would rather come out of a struggle at the end of that time defeated in arms, conceding independence to successful revolution, than to purchase present peace by the concession of a principle that must inevitably explode this nation into small, dishonored fragments.

He flunked nothing, concealed nothing. He knew the uncertainties of war, its dread sacrifices, and declared that all these, though followed by defeat, were better than inaction or the compromise of a principle he deemed essential to the existence of any republic on this continent.

This was at once his confession of political faith and the key-note of his character. In the cause he championed, he would have dared fate itself to the lists, and matched his will against the courses of the stars.

There is neither time nor necessity to trace his career. To leave out MORTON and his influence would be to rewrite the history of this country for the past eighteen years, and to modify it for all time to come. In the great struggle on which the existence of the Union was staked he held the central fort. No living man can tell what the result would have been if he had not been where and what he was.

In character his will dominated his intellect, great as that was. He seemed incapable of indecision. To resolve was to leave doubt behind. Thought, resolution, action, were coinstant.

As a debater he was an athlete trained down to pure muscle. In speech, careless of the graces of oratory and polish of style, his

earnestness enchained attention, his directness carried conviction, and there was a natural symmetry in the strength of his statement above the reach of art.

He was a partisan; instinct and experience taught him that organization was essential to the triumph of any political principle or the successful administration of a popular government. He was a born leader, conscious of his power and jealous of his right to lead. He was ambitious; but blessed is the memory of him whose ambition is at one with the best aspirations of humanity, whose death is a loss to the weak, and whose grave is wet with the tears of the humble and the despised.

Large brained, large framed, and brawny muscled, his vigorous health, freedom of motion, physical independence, manly presence, were his joy and pride, and a part of that full endowment of mind and body which gave him commanding rank. But when at life's meridian he was stricken with the cruel paralysis from which he was never to recover, he accepted his lot without repining. What to another would have been a warning to quit active service and an excuse for ease and rest, to him was the occasion of increased exertion and mental activity. The broken sword only made the combat closer.

When the fatal symptoms of his malady appeared some months before his death, he said to a friend that he realized the end had come, but he felt his career was incomplete, his life-work not finished. Perhaps he felt, too, that death was stepping between him and the great prize of his personal ambition. He knew the night was settling on the home of which his love was the day-spring.

From that time the American people watched the wasting sands of his life and counted his failing pulse. He fought death as an

equal for every inch of time until "worn out,"—worn out by long suffering and hard conflict, he yielded to the conqueror of all.

However long expected, the death of one we honor or love comes at last as a shock. No preparation can take away its final suddenness. There is not a precinct in all this broad land where MORTON'S death was not felt. The nation was bereaved. His State was his chief mourner. Political friends and opponents vied with each other to honor his memory. A hundred thousand men, women, and children took a last look at his face, softened and refined by death, every trace of suffering, every mark of conflict gone. On a chill November afternoon a vast concourse followed him to the grave. The shades of night were falling when the last rite was spoken and the great crowd dispersed, leaving him alone with the dead.

There will be music and song, revelry and mirth. "The seasons in their bright round will come and go; hope, and joy, and great ambition will rise up as they have risen." Generations will pass on the swift flight of years. Battle-storms will smite the earth, peace smile upon it, plenty crown it, love bless it. History will write great chapters in the book of time. He will come no more. His life is "blended with the mysterious tide which bears upon its current" events, institutions, empire, in the awful sweep of destiny. Nor praise nor censure, nor love nor hate, "nothing can touch him further."

Address of Mr. ANTHONY, of Rhode Island.

Mr. PRESIDENT, OLIVER P. MORTON was born a leader of men, with the sagacity to perceive, with the judgment to determine, with the courage to execute. Had he chosen arms for his profession, he would have made a great general, or he might have rivaled the

fame of the naval hero whose illustrious name he bore. In whatever pursuit, he would not have failed of eminence, for he possessed the essential elements of strength. To a will which nothing could subdue he joined an industry which nothing could fatigue, a capacity for labor seldom rivaled in the annals of American statesmanship. Taking little upon authority, he applied himself to the original source of investigation and thoroughly informed himself upon every matter on which he was required to act. No member of this body gave a more uniformly intelligent vote; and this was true of small matters as well as of great. His comprehension grasped every subject of our deliberations. Nothing was too formidable for him to undertake; nothing was so minute as to escape his observation. Feebler than any of his associates in physical health, he was surpassed by none of them in the amount of labor which he accomplished. He did not recognize in his infirmities a reason for avoiding any duty imposed upon him, or that he imposed upon himself. The mind dominated the body and compelled its enfeebled and exhausted functions to perform the full service of a vigorous organization.

Deeply impressed with the truth of his convictions, he supported them with an earnestness born of sincerity, with a fullness of information due to his marvelous habit of industry, and with a power that sprung from large natural ability disciplined by severe training; but he supported them only in fair and manly debate. He never indulged in trickery; he seemed to disdain even the trickery of rhetoric. The solid logic of his arguments was encumbered by little ornament, and his array of facts depended for their effect, apart from their inherent force, upon the clearness of his statement and the strength of his presentation.

Simple in his manner, frugal in his habits, he maintained through

a life devoted to the public service an honorable poverty, content to support the dignity of official position upon the emolument which the law assigned to it.

I do not propose to attempt an analysis of his character or to repeat the story of his life that has been so well told,—of his early discipline in the stern but healthful school of poverty; of the wonderful executive power, the vigor, the foresight, the bold prudence, the patriotism which he exhibited in the gubernatorial chair of his native State; of his long and distinguished service in this Chamber; of the heroic struggle which he held with mortal disease, sustaining life by his indomitable will, which seemed to gather to itself the energy of every failing organ, and with the accumulated strength to hurl defiance at the power of death. But the supreme hour arrived, and he obeyed the inevitable summons, as all who went before him had done, as all who come after him must do, and with the affecting words "I am worn out," he yielded up a life which he had identified with the history of his country by wise counsels, by brave leadership, by solid achievements. He died in the prime and vigor of his intellectual strength and in the midst of his usefulness. Yet we may not call that life a short one whose work if distributed over the allotted period of human existence would have crowned the three-score years and ten with an honorable and an enduring record.

Mr. President, the shaft of death has been hurled in this Chamber of late with fearful frequency, sparing neither eminence, nor usefulness, nor length of service. No one can predict where it will next strike, whose seat will next be vacated. With our faces to the setting sun we tread the declining path of life, and the shadows lengthen and darken behind us; the good, the true, the brave fall before our eyes, but the Republic survives. The stream of events

flows steadily on, and the agencies that seemed to direct and control its current, to impel or to restrain its force, sink beneath its surface, which they disturb merely by a ripple.

Address of Mr. WADLEIGH, of New Hampshire.

Mr. PRESIDENT, my acquaintance with the late Senator MORTON began with my admission to a seat in this Chamber in 1873. Soon after, at his request, I was placed upon the committee of which he was chairman. Personal contact with him increased the admiration and respect which his great ability and patriotic services had created in my mind and led to feelings of friendship, on my part at least, which induce me to pay this humble tribute to his memory.

OLIVER P. MORTON was essentially a self-made man, the architect of his own fortune. Obscurity shadowed his early life. Four years were spent by him in a hatter's shop. An unquenchable thirst for knowledge and a sleepless ambition impelled him to acquire an education, which he did by arduous endeavor, and at an early age he was admitted to the bar. His great ability was soon recognized, and when but twenty-nine years old he was chosen a circuit judge by the Legislature of Indiana. But a nature like his could not be satisfied with the calm repose of the bench. At the end of a year he resigned and returned to the conflicts of his profession. Events were soon to place him in a broader, loftier arena of action than any tribunal of justice. The repeal of the Missouri compromise in 1854 aroused a storm of indignation which swept over the Northern States like a whirlwind and seemed for a time to have annihilated the old political organizations. Among the ardent and generous young men who then severed their party ties to lead the popular

movement which culminated in the formation of the republican party OLIVER P. MORTON was first and foremost.

Such was his recognized capacity for leadership that in 1856, when only thirty-three years of age, he was nominated by acclamation the republican candidate for governor of Indiana. In the canvass that followed he exhibited pre-eminent ability, but was defeated. His triumph was only postponed. In 1860 he was chosen lieutenant-governor, and, by the election of Governor Lane to this Senate, made the chief magistrate of his native State.

Hardly had he taken his seat when the grand drama of the civil war opened and cast upon him labors, cares, and responsibilities such as few men could bear. He was equal to the great emergency. During the four long, bloody years of gigantic warfare his unparalleled executive ability attracted the attention and admiration of the whole country. He seemed able to foresee and to provide for every contingency. He created a great arsenal, which not only supplied the needs of Indiana, but those of other States and sometimes those of the nation. He contracted for and furnished vast stores of clothing and provisions for the soldiers of the Union. Again and again he raised troops before they were called for, so that a single telegraphic dispatch from Washington hurled them like thunderbolts to the crimsoned edge of battle. Inspired by his energy Indiana became a vast camp. Her patriotic women vied with each other in their devotion to their country; the valor of her sons won unfading glory on numerous blood-stained fields. Neighboring States threatened with invasion looked for aid to her and her great governor. Yet he had to contend with an opposition which organized a conspiracy whose net-work spread over the whole State, threatening to wrap it in the flames of civil war. When by a political revolution all the offices of the State, except his own, were

intrusted to his opponents, he appealed to the loyalty of his people for means to carry on the government and prosecute the war for the Union.

By private subscription, by the assumption of staggering liabilities which threatened to ruin himself and his friends, he met the indebtedness of the State, paid her governmental expenses, and raised, fed, armed, disciplined, and sent to the field thousands of her bravest sons. Fired by a sublime patriotism, he defended the cause of his country and urged her children to preserve her from destruction. The history of that stupendous conflict contains no more glorious record than his.

In 1864 he was again elected governor, and in 1867 he took his seat in this Chamber as a Senator from Indiana. That seat he held more than ten years, to the day of his death. His course and his achievements here are read and known of all men and are a part of the history of the time. Here, upon a new arena, he supplemented his lofty reputation for administrative energy by one equally lofty for intellectual power in discussing and solving the greatest and gravest questions. As much as any other Senator, he led the debates and guided the action of this body. The last ten years of his life were one constant and hopeless struggle with the incurable disease from whose grasp there was no escape, and which day by day steadily approached the citadel of life. He knew that his days were numbered and were few; yet he looked firmly in the face of the relentless, torturing, conquering enemy and kept on his way. He shirked no labor, however arduous; he left no duty unperformed. His devotion to duty was heroic. His journey to the Pacific coast in the last months of his life was marked by prodigies of herculean labor. Ease, comfort, nay, even life itself seemed of little consequence to him when compared with the imperious duty to which he

seemed to have bound himself of preserving the results of the civil war to the people of the United States forever. Worn out by ceaseless labor in the performance of public duties, in the armor of battle he calmly met the stroke of death.

In robust manliness the intellect of Senator MORTON was unexcelled. His speeches were marked by logical force, clear perception, and a strength of statement which resembled demonstration. Though destitute of rhetoric and bare of ornament, their massive force almost silenced doubt and compelled conviction. Even his extemporaneous efforts had the symmetry of labored production.

Like most really great men the deceased Senator was profoundly sincere and earnest. He despised the petty trickery of politics. Incapable of treachery, he was slow to suspect it in others. Confident in his strength, he scorned the arts of weakness. He had, too, the generosity and magnanimity which are inseparable from true greatness. No party conflicts tinged his personal relations with bitterness. Nor can I believe that he was not a lover of peace. But he desired a peace based upon justice, and therefore enduring forever. He could not accept a peace which he believed was based upon injustice and wrong. Against wrong and injustice of all kinds, and upon whomsoever exercised, he fought with indomitable courage and unbending will. In his tomb lies the boldest champion of the oppressed, the sternest foe of oppression. His sympathies were bounded by no lines of creed nor condition nor race, but were broad as humanity. In the last days of his life he sought to cover with the ægis of his great name the despised and hated Chinese immigrants of the Pacific slope. He was equally regardless of popularity in his advocacy of the claim of women to political rights.

His integrity was untarnished. Every attack upon it left it brighter than before. Plain, simple, and frugal in his habits, after

a long and illustrious public life he died in comparative poverty. He had an uncompromising hatred of political bribery and corruption whether in friend or foe. Those of us who heard can never forget his appeals to us to thrust from this Chamber a political friend who was believed to have gained an election by bribery.

No quality was more conspicuous in the character of Senator MORTON than his lofty patriotism. Ardently loving his country, he sought to make it a temple of liberty, to which might come the oppressed and down-trodden of all races, where universal education should diffuse its blessings, in which might dwell in security and peace a free, happy, and united people.

To that cause he devoted himself; to it he gave the strength of his intellect and the warmth of his heart, and in it he never faltered till there came to his bed-side the summons of all-conquering Death. Linked to that cause, his fame will endure till history shall have perished and its records shall be wrapped in the darkness of endless night.

Address of Mr. MITCHELL, of Oregon.

Mr. PRESIDENT, the high estimation in which Senator MORTON was held by the people of the State I in part represent on this floor, coupled with the fact that from the day I first made his acquaintance, in February, 1873, until his death, he was my ardent, unswerving, personal friend, forbids that I should remain silent now.

Oregon, no less than Indiana, mourns the death of a great man. The telegraphic flash that told of his departure, although not unexpected, touched the hearts of her people with a pang of unmistakable sadness; clothed her dwellings, her churches, her temples of justice, her executive, legislative, and administrative departments

in the habiliments of mourning. And now here, in this seat of his former greatness and from which for ten long years his words of wisdom and power went forth challenging the admiration of friend and foe alike and giving direction to the policy of States, the State of Oregon, through one of her representatives, would crave the high privilege of contributing a word to his memory; of placing upon his tomb a single wreath, formed though it may be of wild flowers, gathered promiscuously on a distant shore and wrought into shape by unskillful hands.

Senator MORTON visited Oregon during the past summer and came in contact with many of her people of both political parties. And although prior to his going, while his great ability was conceded by all, he was regarded by many who had never met him as cold, selfish, repellant, when he came away, as I had occasion to learn by traveling through the State shortly afterward, this opinion had radically changed; and it was my pleasure to hear many of the leading men of the democratic party of that State testify in words of unqualified praise, not only as to his goodness of heart, his kindness of manner, his amiable disposition, and his courteous demeanor toward all, but also as to their belief in the integrity of all his purposes.

It is one of the misfortunes of public men to be misjudged by those who know them not. Partisan misrepresentation has done more in the years that are past, and is doing more to-day, to debauch public virtue and lower the standard of national integrity in the estimation of the masses than has the aggregated actual shortcomings of all our public men. And perhaps no man with equal position of power and influence in the nation was ever more misunderstood by those who did not know him personally than was OLIVER P. MORTON. By those who did have the fortune to know him well, aside

from any considerations arising from his eminent public life, his true, sympathizing heart, his gentleness of manner, his uniform kindness will be cherished in grateful remembrance to the end of life.

And it was in my judgment this trait in his character, this desire to befriend the helpless, to sustain the oppressed, to lift up the lowly and the down-trodden, more than anything else that caused him in these halls year after year to sustain with more than Roman grandeur the cause of the colored people of the South. No right of theirs, civil or political, was ever stricken down with his consent, or without his manly protest being recorded against the act. No opportunity ever escaped him of saying a kind word in their behalf, or of doing any act that would better their condition or tend to advance their prosperity. He was the friend of the colored race, as the record of his public life will abundantly testify; and in his death their cause in the national Senate has lost one of its ablest champions and most valiant defenders. Around his tomb they in future years will in countless numbers gather in the native simplicity of undisguised gratitude to testify their reverence for his memory, while his name will live with them as a household word to be taught to their children and their children's children down through many generations.

Mr. President, it was my fortune to serve with Governor MORTON on the Committee on Privileges and Elections from the time I took my seat in the Senate until his death, a period of over four and a half years. During this period the amount of work performed by him as chairman of that committee was prodigious. The various contests for seats in this body, the great presidential controversy of the last year involving investigations by that committee into the elections in several States, were well calculated to tax the physical endurance of the most vigorous constitution and ruffle the disposi-

tion of the most patient mind. Yet through all these years of exciting interest, of almost superhuman work upon the part of the chairman of that committee, I never once knew him to be late to a committee meeting, never saw him in the least disturbed in temper; on the contrary, always patient, affable, companionable; always meeting his colaborers with a smile of welcome, always parted with words of kindness. There it was, Mr. President, I learned to love him and appreciate his noble soul; there I estimated the high qualities of his heart—those of his mind were known throughout the world; and there I learned how very false, how severely unjust, was any criticism that would rob him of those qualities of true gentleness, of high sense of honor, of unreserved friendship, so peculiarly characteristic of his whole nature.

Mr. President, a great man and, knowing him as I did, I am constrained to say, a good man has fallen; not in the morning of active life, nor yet in the "sere and yellow leaf," but in the meridian of his usefulness and power. The solemnity of this hour, these crowded galleries, these emblems of mourning, these idle hands and attentive ears all unite in expressions of heart-felt sorrow. The voice of partizanship is hushed in this Chamber to-day and throughout the nation as well, for all the people and the people's representatives stand with bowed heads in profound respect at the tomb of one of the nation's greatest men. The Senate of the United States can but feel that a power in the elements of its ever-living existence, its continuing intellectual conflicts, has departed, that one of its greatest lights has gone out in the darkness of death forever. How rapidly are the men whose voices have been heard in these halls being summoned to that "undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns." In the less than five years that I have been here nine of those who have sat here during that time have gone down

"into the dark valley,"—Wilson, Sumner, Buckingham, Ferry, Johnson, Pratt, Caperton, Bogy, and MORTON. Truly

Our lives are rivers, gliding free
To that unfathomed boundless sea—
The silent grave.
Thither all earthly pomp and boast
Roll, to be swallowed up and lost
In one dark wave.

Well did the poet say—

Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a fast-flitting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passeth from life to his rest in the grave.
* * * * * *
The hand of the king that the scepter hath borne,
The brow of the priest that the miter hath worn,
The eye of the sage and the heart of the brave
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

Oh! the capacity and the remorselessness of that grave to which we are all so rapidly hastening.

Earth has hosts, but thou canst show
Many a million for her one;
Through thy gates the mortal flow
Has for countless years rolled on.
Back from the tomb
No step has come;
There fixed till the last trumpet's sound
Shall bid thy prisoners be unbound.

Senator MORTON is dead, but the record of his life shall live through the centuries, casting light, and not gloom, upon the page of the faithful historian that shall record it. It shall be to his memory a mausoleum more enduring than that of marble, for there will it be written in imperishable sentences, "He was in the nation's forum *fidus et audax* and in the walks of private life *fidus Achates*.

Address of Mr. PADDOCK, of Nebraska.

Mr. PRESIDENT, on behalf of the people of the great trans-Missouri country, whom in part I have the honor to represent upon this floor, whose interests Senator MORTON always advocated and de-

defended, whose earnest, faithful friend he always was, I beg to add my poor, brief word of eulogy to those which have already been so fitly, so eloquently spoken here to-day.

I never saw Senator MORTON rise to address the Senate during our brief service together here when I was not oppressed by the fear that it might be his last effort in this Chamber. Indeed he appeared to me as one standing ever in the very shadow of the uplifted hand of the angel of death, ready and waiting for the always impending, the always expected blow.

He rose from his chair with great difficulty, and often undoubtedly with much pain. Frequently while speaking he was compelled, from sheer physical exhaustion, to resume his seat; and some of the greatest efforts of his life were made while sitting in yonder chair. A less determined spirit would have succumbed to so serious a physical derangement; but his great intellect seemed to become clearer, brighter, more vigorous, his iron will to strengthen, his moral courage to increase, as his physical organism became weaker from the attacks of the insidious disease that was slowly but surely undermining it.

I have seen the mighty oak, with his giant bole symmetrical and strong, with its wealth of graceful limbs, with its glory of leaf and shade—forming, all in all, one of the highest types of blended power and beauty in nature—a very monarch among his fellows, to whom they seemed to mutely bow, as if with acknowledgment of primacy. Afterward I have seen this wonder of the forest—which nature had so lavishly expended her forces to upbuild, and which had during many generations withstood the assaults of the angry tempests, gaining in each struggle increased development and strength—suddenly rent and riven, a deepened wound upon its noble trunk pointing out the lightning's track; and yet its umbrageous canopy of limb

and leaf appeared, if possible, more perfect, more beautiful than ever. I cannot tell—perhaps no one but the great Creator himself will ever know—whether there may not have been specially imparted to it, through some Dryad medium, something of that force of will from the source of all power which gave to that charred and broken and wounded trunk the needed strength to draw from the fruitful soil the sustaining elements necessary to the continuance of its great life. A few years later I have found this stupendous growth of nature a blasted, withered thing. A second bolt from Jove's awful hand had descended and robbed it forever of life and strength and beauty; for the very last time it had "flung down its green glories to battle with the winter's storm."

In respect of its inherent strength, its remarkable development, its superlative power and endurance at the maturity of its growth, entitling it to superior rank among its fellows as well as in its final blight and decay, this wonderful creation of nature was aptly illustrative of the great life of the deceased Senator before whose open grave to-day we mourn. To him there was given a mental and physical organism with each faculty, each force, so carefully, so perfectly adjusted to every other, the whole constituting a manhood of such symmetry and strength and power that in any sphere of life must have commanded for him superior station among his fellows. Endowments so rare were his that of their own force, by their own momentum, they impelled him to the fore-front, to intellectual primacy, to leadership; and this position once secured was easily held through that instinctive concession of precedence which the masses of men always make to the possessor of such faculties. As the oak grew broader and stronger from its tempest conflicts, so did this noble manhood broaden and strengthen in the encounters incident to a life of leadership among men.

Those of us who were with Senator MORTON here did know and did appreciate him; and well now can we testify to his greatness. We do indeed know with what God-like manfulness, with what self-reverence, with what self-control, with what power of will he did deport and maintain himself after a great part of the forces of his physical nature had been blasted by an invisible blow from that mysterious power which, at will, sends the shaft that strikes to death the forest oak, or the shock that palsies the body of a leader of men.

We, sir, do well remember that with all this blight upon his physical powers, the great Senator bore an intellectual lance to the very last day of his career in this Chamber which no adversary ever despised or was over-eager to measure. Often during the period of my service here have I seen the whole Senate filled with admiration of him, when, after many days, perhaps weeks, of continuous debate on some important question in which he had constantly participated, and when the endurance of even the very strongest had been greatly overtaxed, he rose, and with no external evidence of weariness, restated, reviewed all the arguments of perhaps a dozen adversaries in the discussion, and with one great masterful overpowering presentation of the law and the facts in the case answered them all at once, leaving his opponents if not utterly overcome, at least convinced that their case had been greatly damaged by the blows of an intellectual giant, and his own party colleagues satisfied that the subject had been exhausted and no further effort on their part would be necessary or useful. When "the full river of his speech came down" upon an opposing disputant with its richly laden argosies of fact and precedent—of thought, philosophy, and logic—if his opponent, himself, was not a master in debate he was sure to be overwhelmed, for only such an one could stand at all against the almost resistless current of his argument.

Mr. President, this was Senator MORTON as you and I and all of us knew him; but, sir, there was a good deal of him beyond all this which none of us ever did, or ever can, exactly know. The silent inner life—the unspoken thoughts—the heart-struggles of this great man in his continual conflict with the disease which, first by a sudden and terrible, but only partially successful blow—and afterward by insidious approaches waged unceasing war against his physical nature—if they could be fully written out would make such a page of eulogy as alone would secure for him the most enduring immortality. But they will never be fully known until that great day when all the secrets of the heart shall be laid bare; they went down with him into the grave—into the grave did I say, sir? No! they went along with that brave spirit of which they were begotten to be present as witnesses at the great final accounting, to vouch for the proper use of the wonderful powers so generously loaned him from the common store upon which the drafts of mortals are honored—as they are worthy—as they have need.

Mr. President, who of us has not now in his memory, photographed there ineffaceably, that sad, thoughtful, but resolute face, as through the corridors and into this Chamber, borne in his chair by two stalwart men, he came to his great daily service? The noisy throng in the passages became silent and gave way at his approach with the same instinctive reverence that greets the gallant soldier who has borne a distinguished part in a memorable battle when afterward he is brought from the field weary, worn, wounded, and dying. The doors flew open before him always as if by magic, and party spirit could at no time run so high as to cause to be withheld from him, when he entered here, the most cordial, the most sincere, the most respectful greeting from every Senator present. And who of us will forget the charming heartiness of *his* greeting,

kindliness, and geniality toward all, the lowliest equally with the highest?

But, Mr. President, Senator MORTON has gone. His voice will never again be heard in this Chamber. His great spirit, his noble example, his valued precepts, will remain for our guidance, but we shall see *him* no more here forever. At length the death-shaft struck him full and strong and he fell to rise no more.

> O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
> Then I, and you, and all of us fell down.

One of the bravest and truest and strongest; one for whose voice the nation listened in the hour of peril; one to whose judgment the people deferred when the country was in trouble and in distress; a patriot, a practical statesman, a man of work, a man of immortal deeds, a kindly, generous man withal, is gone. Let the nation—let all the people mourn!

Address of Mr. BRUCE, of Mississippi.

Mr. PRESIDENT, the strong true men of a people are always public benefactors. They do work, not only directly beneficial to their communities, but by the utterance of noble thoughts and the infusion of a manly spirit into public life and administration they put in operation forces which in their effects are of greater moment to their fellow-citizens than the immediate and specific labors performed. The death of such men is a public calamity because there are lost to the country not only their active energies but the influence and stimulus of their personal presence. As a compensation for the evil that death works a people in the removal of its great leaders there remain behind the memory of their public services, the effect of their example, and the subtile influence of the truths uttered and

illustrated by their lives. Occasions like this furnish, therefore, not only appropriate opportunities to commemorate the services and virtues of the dead, but of instruction and profit to the living by calling attention to those characteristics and qualities that have made the lives of the departed useful and memorable.

My estimate of OLIVER P. MORTON embraces mainly the ideas of his character formed from personal contact in the Senate and personal observation of him while discharging the duties of his public life. He impressed me as a man of catholic spirit and judgments.

Born and reared in a section whose type of thought on both political and moral questions differed from the ideas of the South, receiving his distinctive and permanent character from a period in which the conflicting thought of the country had been intensified and more clearly articulated by the passions and struggles of a great civil conflict, he was a representative of his section upon both the civil and ethical questions of the day; but in no offensive sense was he, as a public man, sectional.

In all of those great judgments which entered into the formation and administration of government, that were the basis of the legislation enacted in the interests of the whole country, there was neither sectional temper nor purpose.

Among the manly and honorable qualities exhibited by the deceased Senator was the kindly and considerate temper manifested personally toward those who were his opponents in the contests and discussions growing out of party differences or the policies and measures of government.

So prominent an actor in the public life of his day, so earnest in his thought and aggressive in his endeavors to further what he conceived to be right, it would be singular if the angular points in

party life had not sometimes originated unpleasant personal differences and collisions. Such collisions, however, were rare in his case, because he was just and fair in his treatment of those whose ideas he not unfrequently was compelled to combat and whose measures he felt impelled to pronounce unwise and hurtful.

A man of mature and positive thought, he was decided in the maintenance of any opinion he expressed and sincere in maintaining any measure he advocated, but he conceded like sincerity of purpose to his opponents.

While earnest to severity in his opposition to principles, institutions, and measures that seemed unfriendly to the public interest or dangerous to the rights of the people, he was withal deferential to the personal advocates of the very measures that conscientious considerations led him to oppose and sometimes even to denounce.

What to the superficial observer appeared to be personal bitterness was personal earnestness, and what seemed illiberal to his political opponents was no more than the stringent judgments entertained by him on questions that affected not only the interests of the individual citizen but the people of all classes. Beneath a severe exterior was a kindly heart, and back of the great partisan leader were the broad wise opinions of the patriot and the statesman, who knew that the best interests of the people forbade any concessions to unreasonable prejudices or trifling or tenderness in dealing with those who either lightly esteemed or recklessly invaded the rights of the humblest American citizen.

Whether contemplating OLIVER P. MORTON as the governor of a great State in the critical period of civil war, exhibiting wisdom in his plans and discretion, energy, and courage in execution thereof, or observing him as a member of the National Senate, in discussion and counsel upon the grave questions of legislation and administra-

tration, involving the complex and multiplied interests of a great nation, I was impressed that he understood both the philosophy and practice of wise government, and possessed not merely the qualities of a great political leader, but in a notable and remarkable measure the elements of a great statesman, understanding the genius of our institutions no less than the necessities and demands of our great country. A generation hence and his opinions and judgments on fundamental and grave questions will be cited and revered as are now those of the fathers of the Republic.

I would do injustice to my own feelings and that of my race did I not refer to the relations that Senator MORTON sustained to us and the services rendered in our behalf. No public man of his day, with the possible exception of Abraham Lincoln and Charles Sumner, was better known to the colored people of the South than OLIVER P. MORTON, and none more respected and revered.

In 1865, before he had entered upon his senatorial career, Senator MORTON expressed opinions that suggested grave doubts of the wisdom of the measures which contemplated immediate enfranchisement of my people. These measures were in conflict with the sentiment and estimates of even many of the friends of the negro, persons who had labored most earnestly for his freedom; were opposed by the ancient prejudices of centuries; and there was no historical precedent authorizing such radical measures or that seemed to give guarantee and promise of their success.

Appreciating the responsibility of his acts as a public man and the delicacy and difficulties of the problem of reconstruction, he did not at that time take the pronounced and forward position, subsequently so ably held by him, in behalf and defense of the rights of this people. The shock to the public sentiment and prejudices of an entire section, involved in the sudden introduction of this large

and new element into the politics of the country, was feared and deprecated, and the competency of a people so long enslaved and consequently uneducated and unaccustomed to participate in public affairs to perform satisfactorily the important functions that would be devolved upon them in their new sphere as citizens seemed to him questionable. A more thorough consideration of this question, however, in all of its relations—local and national—led to a revision of the opinions expressed in 1865, and upon these latter judgments of the question his subsequent public action was based, and by them his public career is to be judged. Two facts prominently challenged attention and demanded recognition in any philosophy that was broad enough to compass equally the interests of each class and every section of the country. The emancipation of more than four millions of former bondsmen was an accomplished fact. The political relations of eleven great communities were ruptured and imperatively demanded restoration. The question holding these two determining factors must be settled on a philosophy as broad as the facts embraced. Emancipation—that its beneficent ends might be attained and adequate readjustment of these disturbed relations of the political communities of a great section be made—involved reorganization of both the social and industrial elements of the South; and this reorganization, to be just, harmonious, peaceful, and fruitful of public content and public quiet, demanded the enfranchisement of the negro. The liberties and securities that rendered emancipation valuable to him could only be sufficiently attained when he was clothed with the power of self-protection by becoming a personal and actual participant in the creation and administration of government.

Reconstruction of the Southern States—a restoration of these political communities to participation in the conduct of the Federal

Government—could only become real and permanent, and subserve all of its purposes, when all classes of the community should be equally protected and equally cordial in obedience to the law and cheerfulness in submission to its demands; and this cheerfulnes and cordial response to civic obligations, and conscientious recognition of the rights of society and individuals, could only exist among the communities generally when every member, by the possession and exercise of equal and common, personal, civil, and political privileges, should be inspired with content and supplied with equal motives for the cultivation and practice of personal and civic virtues. In the midst of their vassalage my race had still preserved in full force and vigor their original love of liberty; and despite the embarrassment of their conditions they had felt the ennobling influences of the Christian civilization that surrounded them. Cast down but not destroyed; disciplined by the painful ordeal through which they had passed; apt to learn and prompt to appreciate the ennobling ideas of American institutions, they were in a large measure prepared to enter upon the new life presented to them.

On the other hand the American people—with institutions established, yet elastic; a public sentiment whose catholicity was reinforced by the sturdiest conservatism—the nation, possessing, in a remarkable measure, the maturity of age without its weakness and the vigor of youth without its ignorance, were prepared to initiate and, in his judgment, to perfect this great philanthropic movement, which looked not only to the elevation of a race but the reconstruction of a great country.

He knew that more than a hundred thousand negro soldiers had ventured life to maintain the authority of the Government and the integrity of the soil of the Republic; and it seemed appropriate and just that the nation, emerging from a supreme effort for its own

preservation and elevated by its grand success, should requite these services, and realize the popular aspirations for universal liberty and equality by a commensurate liberalization of the laws and institutions of the country.

He believed the negro would be equal to the responsibility of his new life and meet, in reasonable and creditable measure, the demands that it made upon him; and he believed also that the institutions of the country were strong enough to bear with safety the strain that this new venture might make upon them, and that the unavoidable mistakes in government, arising from the enforced ignorance of the new citizen, would suggest their own corrective, and that the Republic meanwhile would both live and prosper. The sober judgments of Senator MORTON embraced all this and more. And standing on this high and philanthropic plane of thought he resolutely contributed to put into organic form those constitutional provisions that specifically protect the rights of five million American citizens, and to enact and enforce equally and alike the statutes that rendered these provisions operative and the rights thereunder practically enjoyable. Through him and his peers the grand declaration of human equality made by Jefferson in 1776, and for nearly a century a glittering abstraction, has become a part of the fundamental law of the land.

For the great ability and integrity that OLIVER P. MORTON exhibited in his public life he is entitled to the admiration and respect of his countrymen; and for the fidelity and patience with which he labored for the elevation and protection of the negroes of the South he will receive their heartfelt gratitude and reverent love.

Address by Mr. VOORHEES, of Indiana.

Mr. PRESIDENT, the proprieties of this sad occasion and the usages of this body do not permit me to remain silent. We are paying the last tribute of respect to one who was long a Senator from Indiana, and whose name will be forever associated with her history. We are saying the last few words over the grave of one who played a bold and leading part here, and identified himself with every prominent measure in national affairs for the past ten years.

I knew OLIVER P. MORTON from my first entrance upon the duties of manhood. We met at the beginning of our acquaintance both as personal and political friends, and although we afterward became as widely separated as the poles of the earth in our views of public affairs, yet our personal relations were never disturbed. There were periods of great excitement in our State when we met but seldom, but when we did it was always with civility and courtesy.

Senator MORTON was without doubt a very remarkable man. His force of character cannot be over estimated. His will-power was simply tremendous. He threw himself into all his undertakings with that fixedness of purpose and disregard of obstacles which are always the best guarantees of success. This was true of him whether engaged in a lawsuit, organizing troops during the war, conducting a political campaign or a debate in the Senate. The same daring, aggressive policy characterized his conduct everywhere. He made warm, devoted friends and bitter enemies. His followers were intense in their support and admiration, and his enemies were often unrelenting and unsparing. It is always so with such a nature as his. Small men of neutral temperaments escape the

conflicts of life through which the strong, bold man passes to fame and power.

The motives which actuated Senator MORTON in his public conduct are not now open to discussion. I shall ask the same charity for mine when I am gone that I extend to his. That he was sincere in his convictions no one will ever question. That the general tenor of his convictions upon the relations between the North and the South was erroneous, I think history will fully establish.

Senator MORTON's life contains one great lesson to young men commencing a career of honorable ambition. He entered upon the ordeal of life with nothing on which to rely but his own intellect and his indomitable will. The position from which he started to achieve all his success was humble and unpromising. It is hard to recall any other American whose career better proves that industry and talents will overcome all things than his. He became a power in the land. He was a party leader second to none in our history. If he could not be President himself, he did much to make others so, and to dictate their policies. And now that he is gone a large portion of the American people regard his loss as irreparable.

Sir, OLIVER P. MORTON is no more, and in his death there is a solemn lesson to us. How small and insignificant appear all the asperities, the heart-burnings, and personal alienations of the hour when we measure them by the side of our responsibilities in that world to which he has gone! We are as evanescent and fleeting here as the insect tribes of the air. Over the river, "in the land to which we are drifting," there is life forever. Let us so use the little margin we have on the shores of time that eternity will open as a joy and not as a terror on our liberated spirits. And may those we

leave behind us do for our memories what we now do for the memory of OLIVER P. MORTON.

I move the adoption of the resolutions.

The resolutions were agreed to unanimously; and (at three o'clock and nine minutes p. m.) the Senate adjourned.

ADDRESSES

ON THE

DEATH OF OLIVER P. MORTON.

DELIVERED IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 18, 1878.

The SPEAKER. The gentleman from Indiana [Mr. HANNA] rises to call up the resolutions of the Senate touching the death of Hon. O. P. MORTON, late a Senator from Indiana.

The Clerk will read the resolutions.

The resolutions were read, as follows:

IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES,
January 17, 1878.

Resolved, That from an earnest desire to show every mark of respect to the memory of Hon. OLIVER P. MORTON, late a Senator of the United States from the State of Indiana, and to manifest the high estimate entertained of his eminent public services, his distinguished patriotism, and his usefulness as a citizen, the business of the Senate be now suspended, that the friends and associates of the deceased Senator may pay fitting tribute to his public and private virtues.

Resolved, That a wide-spread and public sorrow on the announcement of his death attested the profound sense of the loss which the whole country has sustained.

Resolved, That, as a mark of respect for the memory of Mr. MORTON, the members of the Senate will go into mourning by wearing crape upon the left arm for thirty days.

Resolved, That the Secretary of the Senate communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives.

Address of Mr. HANNA, of Indiana.

Mr. SPEAKER: The death of OLIVER P. MORTON was a national bereavement. It is therefore eminently just that the record of that department of the Government in which he served with such signal ability should bear some testimonial of his illustrious character and worth. Although his career was brief, yet few men have acted a more prominent part or commanded so large a share of public thought. For fifteen years the name of OLIVER P. MORTON has been known in every household of the nation, known by reason of the fact that he was endowed with those extraordinary qualities of character which made him a great leader among the greatest men of his time. We may perhaps with profit glance at some of the marked characteristics of the man for whose memory the representatives of the people dedicate this hour.

Although prior to the election of Abraham Lincoln he was recognized in Indiana as a man of commanding ability, yet it was as governor of that State he became a national character. He was equal to every emergency, surmounted every obstacle, never faltered in the face of danger, and with sleepless vigilance anticipated the attack of political or national foe. His giant intellect grasped every difficulty and promptly suggested remedies which inspired confidence in the true and discomfited the faithless. When the Legislature of his State failed to make provision by law to pay the expenses of the State government, preserve her credit, and care for the helpless and unfortunate blind, dumb, and insane, he did not quail in the presence of the perfidy for an instant, but boldly pledged his personal honor that the money should be repaid, and it was promptly loaned him. When the Government was sorely in need of munitions of war for national defense he said to the Executive, "Advance

me sufficient means to start and I will, in obedience to the overshadowing necessity of the hour, without authority of law, establish my own board of finance, organize an arsenal in which shall be promptly manufactured that which is vital to the success of our arms;" and it was done at his bidding. His executive ability was the admiration of every patriot. The facility with which he organized, armed, and equipped the soldiery of his State stamped him as no ordinary man. He did not forget the brave men when they had crossed the border, but followed them to the tented field, the hospital, the scene of conflict, and by his presence said to them "I have a heart in sympathy with you." The governors of sister States availed themselves of his wise and patriotic counsel, and the Executive of the nation gave heed to his suggestions. Although sometimes impatient, he never expressed a doubt of ultimate success. His record during that unhappy conflict is as imperishable as the love of free institutions.

His intellectual power was of the highest order. In that regard no man has so nearly approached the full measure of the "great expounder of the Constitution," Daniel Webster. In debate, by reason of his almost superhuman intellect, he was invincible. The simplicity, clearness, and compactness with which he presented every proposition; his power of analysis, which exposed sophistry or falsehood, and the ever prevailing earnestness of manner, born of conscious power, enabled him in the discussion of great constitutional questions to reach, instruct, and convince the common understanding as easily as if presenting matters of less moment involving mere party policy. Impartial history will accord him the foremost debater of his time. In party warfare, as in defense of the Union, his blows were those of a Hercules, never aimless, but with crushing force upon the forefront of opposition. Oft and again has his

adversary reeled, staggered, and fallen upon the field of conflict. Clay, with his dashing chivalry and electric appeal, inspired the whig as if a divinity; MORTON, cool, self-reliant, majestic, hurled at his opponent his unanswerable logic with the resistless force and power of a thunderbolt from Jove. In party politics he was bold, aggressive, and untiring. He recognized the efficiency and power of organization, and hence his cohorts were ever disciplined and ready for the charge. As a leader he was without an equal in modern times.

By some he has been characterized as the apostle of hate. Time will prove that he did not hate the people of any section. When falsehood and prejudice shall have yielded to truth and reason their rightful supremacy, the historic pen will do him full justice. The preservation of the Union in the interest of liberty and humanity was with him a conviction of duty so intense that no earthly power ever presented obstacles which he deemed insurmountable. "We are one people, one nation, undivided and indivisible," was his answer to secession, and the sentiment he thus uttered became the battle-cry of every patriot in the land. To him more than any other man since Washington are we indebted for the extinguishment of the heresy—a heresy which has cost so much blood and treasure—that we are simply a confederation of States, bound only by a rope of sand; and to him are we in like manner indebted for the recognition of the fundamental, national idea, that our allegiance to the Union is paramount to that of the State, that the title of "American" is superior to that of "Indianian." He was equally devoted to securing beyond all question for the weak and humble the inalienable rights of man, and hence was not content until these rights were firmly imbedded in the Constitution by the adoption of the several amendments. His wisdom and statesmanship in that regard

have been sanctioned by the national utterance of all parties. God forbid that any man should object that the humble, the lowly, and the long-enslaved should bedew his bier or water the flowers that in coming years shall bloom over his grave with their tears of grateful remembrance. It is the holiest offering that mortal can offer in recognition of a beneficent deed. I repeat, he did not hate the people of any section.

His untiring and incessant labor in behalf of the Union and to secure the equal rights of every citizen under the Constitution and laws has by some been made the pretext for such charge. To all such I offer no apology for his conduct. The wisdom of his action has been justified by a preserved nationality. I grant you he was a partisan, but his partisan zeal was ever subservient to the best interests of the nation. He never spoke for party, State, or section as against the Union. He never counseled blotting out a single star that glitters upon the American flag. He was never a party to any scheme of national dishonor. He was the bold champion of free labor at a time when that struggling cause was denied unfettered utterance. As the friend of man he gave attentive ear to the whisperings of the spirit of progress. He clung to the Constitution and the Union as the sheet-anchor of hope for the welfare of unborn millions. In him the people had an advocate equal to every emergency in which their dearest interests were involved. Had you been with me at the capital of my native State on the 6th of November last and beheld more than fifty thousand strong men, of every shade of political opinion and of every pursuit in life and from every section, who on that inclement day stood along the streets for miles, with bowed heads and solemn mien, while the mortal remains of the great man they honored, respected, and loved were borne to their last resting-place on earth, you would not dare

lisp the charge that OLIVER P. MORTON, when living, was inspired with the spirit of hate. That he had political enemies I grant. No public man deserves a place in history who has not. The smile of Judas Iscariot never played upon his manly face. His adherence to personal friends sometimes invoked severe criticism, for he was slow to abandon any man in whom he had once reposed confidence. His personal integrity, like the virtue which Cæsar demanded for his wife, was above suspicion.

An ill-gotten dollar, in either public or private life, never soiled the palm of his hand. His soul was never blackened with official corruption. Investigating committees encountered no offensive stench arising from the record of his accounts with either State or National Government, although he was intrusted with millions without surety save his individual honor. Few men of any age were ever endowed with such force of will. From boyhood to death it was a marked characteristic. What he resolved to do, as a rule was accomplished. Although for years afflicted beyond the power of words to express, he willed to labor beyond the measure of perfect strength. By sheer force of will he kept at bay the grim monster and seemingly bid him defiance. His will-power carried him in the discharge of official duty wherever and whenever his country demanded. I grant he was ambitious. God pity the boy or man who is not. Like Webster and Clay he aspired to the Presidency, and, like them, he did not aspire beyond his merit.

Peerless leader, beloved governor, heroic Unionist, wise counselor, matchless Senator, affectionate husband, kind father, honest man. Citizen and statesman of a great nation, in whose service he labored until in the presence of death he exclaimed, "I am worn out," his record has passed into history, and the memory of his achievements will inspire the American youth to emulate his ex-

ample. Grand type of free institutions; fit representative of the mighty West. Thank God for the preservation of a government that bids the poor ambitious orphan boy of the field and shop to climb upward to a position higher than that of any crowned head of earth, the American Senate. May we indulge the fond hope that his immortal spirit peacefully rests in the realm of eternal bliss. Indiana keenly feels the loss of her distinguished son, and as chief mourner in the midst of her sorrowing sisters she utters at the grave of her dead a silent, fervent prayer that the God of our fathers may preserve and bless us as "one people, one nation, undivided and indivisible."

Address of Mr. WILSON, of West Virginia.

Mr. SPEAKER, when my name was announced as a member of the committee appointed to represent this House at the funeral of the late Senator MORTON, my first impulse was to decline the appointment, in order that some gentleman whose opinions had been more in accord with those of Mr. MORTON than had my own might perform that office in my place; but, reflecting that a solemn duty had been imposed on me, which I was not at liberty to decline without cause, and remembering, too, that during the last Congress I was prevented by ill health from serving upon a similar committee chosen to pay the last tribute of respect to West Virginia's late distinguished son, Senator Caperton, I yielded my personal preference and performed the duty assigned to me.

And now, Mr. Speaker, I am gratified that I did so; am gratified that I was placed in a position to hear and see things that gave me a better opinion than I had theretofore entertained of him whose memory this House and the country mourn to-day.

The frailty of our nature when aroused by the passions of the hour too often prompts us to withhold from our opponents while living the respect we cherish for their memories when they are no more, and so it was in the life and death of Senator MORTON. His career had been so prominent and so closely allied to the legislation which operated harshly upon the Southern States that he was regarded by those holding opposing views as an extreme partisan.

But there is another criterion by which to weigh the character of the man and the statesman. It is the estimate placed upon him by his neighbors, by those who see him most and know him best. Tried by this test OLIVER P. MORTON was a better man, more of a man, than his public conduct would indicate. On the day of his burial, in the beautiful city of his home, there was to be seen an immense funeral pageant; flags floated at half-mast almost everywhere; public buildings and private residences were draped in mourning; a throng of fifty thousand sorrow-stricken people had assembled from various parts of his own State and from other States to be present at the last sad rites. Democrats and republicans, white and black men, ladies and little children, vied with each other in doing him honor. No man, Mr. Speaker, could be thus mourned and buried who had not possessed good qualities of both head and heart.

He entered at an early age upon the stormy sea of politics, and rapidly advanced to the front rank as an orator and leader in the perilous times of sectional strife and revolution. The crowning period of his life was during the late war, when he acted in a civico-military capacity as governor of Indiana. He soon became the most distinguished governor on the continent, winning for himself the reputation of being the great war governor of America.

When the policy of the Government was not well defined in the prosecution of the war, and even the then Executive seemed to be

wavering, Governor MORTON delivered upon that subject, at the capital of his State, a speech which fell like a flash of lightning into the gloom. His positive counsel was speedily followed up by energetic action, and he surpassed all other men in zeal and efficiency in the prosecution of the war; was foremost and fiercest in the effort to overthrow the rebellion. Apparently losing sight of everything else, to this one idea he devoted the wonderful powers of his mind and the best days of his life. It was the dream of his existence, which he followed—

> With an eye that never sleeps,
> And a wing that never tires.

His political opinions were strong and extreme, and were pressed by him without regard to opposition. This characteristic led many to consider him cold, and even harsh and bitter, in his feelings toward his opponents; but those more familiar with his life claim that his intercourse with his fellow men was kind and courteous, and that his devotion to his family was the strongest and most beautiful manifestation of his character.

The future historian will ascribe to him inconsistency upon currency, negro suffrage, and perhaps other questions of principle and policy.

From the time he entered upon his legislative career he contributed largely to the policy pursued by the Government toward the Southern States; yet upon the adoption of President Hayes's southern policy he yielded his opposition and acquiesced in it; and, if living to-day, it is fair to infer that, far from confederating to strike down the arm of the Administration, he would be found zealously upholding it.

However much he was distinguished for his varied services as governor of his native State, there was reserved for him another theater of action where his great ability was to give him a position

of commanding influence—the Senate of the United States. He was not equal in comprehensive statesmanship to Clay, Webster, or Calhoun, but as a party leader he excelled them all; and he took his high rank in that august body without having had previous experience as a legislator.

Some men become great through the gift of peculiar talent, others achieve greatness by force of will and energy of character. Mr. MORTON, before he entered the Senate, was stricken down by paralysis, and though a hopeless cripple for the rest of his life his force of will and energy of character raised him up and pressed him forward. He scorned paralysis with the same determination with which he scorned all other dangers and obstacles; dragged his half-dead body to his seat in yonder hall, and for ten years of unrelaxing labor, unwincing boldness, and unmurmuring patience struggled with great men and great measures, winning success and prominence that seldom fall to the lot of any one man.

In conclusion, Mr. Speaker, notwithstanding the wide differences of opinion that existed between Senator MORTON and the majority of the members of this House, we can, as Americans, all point with pride to the fact that no charge of corruption tarnishes his name.

Address of Mr. BROWN, of Indiana.

Representing the birthplace and the old home of OLIVER P. MORTON, it is fit I should say a word on this sad occasion. I shall attempt no eulogy. Panegyic may gratify the living, but the ear of him who was for a quarter of a century my personal and political friend is deaf alike to censure or to praise. Calumny can no more wound him, and in the presence of the new-made grave malice stands mute. Rivalries and resentments are now extin-

guished, and friend and adversary alike lay their garlands on the coffin of the dead statesman. It is creditable to our poor weak nature that when one who has antagonized us joins

> The innumerable caravan which moves
> To that mysterious realm where each shall take
> His chamber in the silent halls of death,

we are ready to review his life in a spirit of fairness and candor, approving the good, and with a generous charity covering the ill out of sight. Those who have been in public life especially know that to escape censure one must live a whole life-time without committing a mistake or doing or saying an ill or an unwise thing. We realize, too, that when death casts its shadow upon our souls, poor and insignificant will be the story of our goodness and greatness; that when the life struggle is over, and, worn out, we pass into the darkness of the night of death, all there will be left of us will be the example of our lives and the influence of our actions and opinions. "Every human life is a lesson,—it may be an example, but always a lesson." And it is appropriate, therefore, that on an occasion like the present we repeat the history and the lesson of the life that is gone, that it may live in what it has achieved worthy the respect or gratitude of mankind.

Like most distinguished men of the Republic—of those who have taken conspicuous positions in professional or political life—OLIVER P. MORTON was a self-made man, the architect and arbiter of his own fortune. To the accident of birth or fortune, family influence or patronage, he owed nothing whatever. His only patrimony was orphanage, and he wrought his great career by his own genius.

He came from a sturdy English stock, an ancestry possessing that stubborn tenacity of purpose, that unyielding will peculiar to that people. From this ancestry he doubtless inherited that character-

istic courage and perseverance so prominent in his public life, for "the source of genius is ofttimes in ancestry and the blood of descent is the prophecy of destiny." His parents were natives of New Jersey, but at an early day they moved West and made their home in the then young but growing State of Indiana—a State to which they were destined to give the proudest name in its history, a son who was to stand above all others of his time as a statesman and political leader. At an early age he was left an orphan. The years of his boyhood were passed at the seminary of his native village, at the Miami University, Oxford, Ohio, and in learning the trade of a hatter. "Ambition, that germ from which all growth of true nobleness proceeds," inspired him to seek fields of broader usefulness than were to be found in a hatter's shop, and in the year 1843, at the age of twenty, he entered upon the study of law. His venerable preceptor, Hon. John S. Newman, thus wrote me a few weeks ago:

> Senator MORTON came into my office at Centreville thirty-four years ago, at the age of twenty. As a student he was industrious and thoughtful, anxious at all times to accomplish everything he undertook. In discussing questions that arose in his reading he exhibited a quickness of comprehension and a clearness in statement that gave promise of that success in his chosen profession which he afterward secured.

His professional career covered the fourteen years from 1843 to 1861, when, being elevated to the office of governor, he left the bar and returned to it no more. When he retired from the profession he stood well advanced toward its front. He did not reach professional eminence at a single bound, did not win distinction in some first cause by the brilliancy of his genius or the fervor of his eloquence, but by perseverance and pluck he went steadily forward and upward, never halting and never going back, until he became the acknowledged leader of the bar of Eastern Indiana—a bar numbering among its members such men as Caleb B. Smith, Samuel W.

Parker, James Rariden, Jehu T. Elliott, Charles H. Test, and John S. Newman.

In 1855 it was my fortune to go on the circuit as prosecuting attorney, and during the five succeeding years, the last and most active years of his professional life, I had frequent opportunities of witnessing his management of causes in court. He presented a legal question with great force and clearness. With a mind at once robust and critical, he was able to grasp the whole scope of his subject, to fathom its profoundest depths and master its minutest details. With a quickness that was notable he seized upon the strong point in his case and centered upon it every power of his mind, fortified it with facts, intrenched it behind precedents, environed it about with illustrations, until his position seemed impregnable. While he chose with unerring certainty the strong point in his own cause, with equal readiness and accuracy he discovered the weak one in that of his adversary. No man was better versed in the art of putting facts to the court or jury. He brought with a singular skill the favorable points of his client's case in prominence, and exhibited a like dexterity and acuteness in suppressing that which was prejudicial to his interests. He readily detected a sophistry, and would break it into fragments as the "spray is broken upon the rocks." Without any eloquence other than the "talent of giving force to reason," he was a most successful and formidable jury-lawyer. He had a keen insight into human nature and possessed an extraordinary influence over men. With a dominion that was absolute he seized upon the sympathy of the jury and poured the resistless tide of his own earnest emotions and convictions into their hearts. In the trial of a cause he never lost faith, but worked resolutely on to the end with an unflagging confidence in his ability to win, and he seldom lost the verdict. His was indeed a "Roman courage, that plucked

success from rugged danger and snatched victory from the jaws of defeat."

The bar is said to be the nursery of American politics, the school in which the young men of the Republic prepare themselves for public employments. It provides an opportunity for talent, and in popular governments there is always a place and a mission for a man of ability, and intellect and merit will sooner or later force their possessor to the front.

Oliver P. Morton was trained in this school, and at the early age of thirty-three passed from it and unchallenged assumed the leadership of the republican party of Indiana. In May, 1856, he was unanimously nominated by that party as its candidate for governor in that, its first contest for political supremacy. Until the abrogation of the Missouri compromise and the Kansas-Nebraska legislation he had been in politics a democrat, but his convictions on the subject of slavery would not permit him to act with that party longer. In this memorable campaign his opponent was the lamented and gifted Ashbel P. Willard. Never were two more able but dissimilar men pitted against each other in the arena of public debate. The one was eloquent, copious, imaginative, and ornate; the other earnest, epigrammatic, and severely logical; the one gave to eloquence the graces of poetry; the other clothed it in the garb of matchless reason. Willard culled the language and tied the words into beautiful bouquets to dazzle and captivate, while his young competitor, O'Connell-like, "flung a brood of robust thoughts upon the world without a rag to cover them." After a long and spirited canvass Governor Willard was elected by a largely reduced majority. Four years afterward Mr. Morton was elected lieutenant-governor, and in the following January, Henry S. Lane having been elected to the Senate of the United States, he was inaugurated governor of Indiana.

His executive career was cast in an era of unparalleled dangers and difficulties, beginning at a time when the slaveholding States were resolving themselves out of the National Union, after the Montgomery Congress had assembled, and when civil war seemed inevitable. In the very first moment of his official life he stood at the threshold of the most extraordinary epoch in the history of the nation, an epoch destined to bring out his immense executive and administrative ability. The revolution into which he was thrust so suddenly created an opportunity in which he was permitted to be both the hero of a principle and an occasion. In that stupendous crisis every public man was expected to act and to act promptly and decisively. What a great work was now before him! In that day of gloom, of blood, of tears, and of peril to the Republic, he did not stand

> With folded arms and bated breath, irresolute,

but met so courageously the trying responsibilities of his office, so ably and faithfully discharged every duty due his Government and people, that he speedily became one of the marked characters in this era, so crowded with illustrious names. Of the Union people of his State he was at once the recognized leader and oracle. From the beginning he was an undisguised coercionist. He believed that to parley with treason was to become its accomplice; that the nation could not hesitate to strike when the wager of battle was tendered without hazarding its existence and justly meriting the contempt of mankind.

In October, 1860, in a public address, he stated his position.

Said he—

> Shall we surrender the nation without a struggle and let the Union go with merely a few hard words? If it was worth a bloody struggle to establish this nation, it is worth one to preserve it, and I trust we shall not, by surrendering with indecent haste, publish to the world that the inheritance our fathers purchased with their blood was given up to save ours.

Again he said:

> What is coercion but the enforcement of the law? Is anything else intended or required? Secession or nullification can only be regarded by the General Government as individual action upon individual responsibility. Those concerned in it cannot intrench themselves behind the forms of the State government so as to give their conduct the semblance of legality, and thus devolve the responsibility upon the State government, which of itself is irresponsible. The Constitution and laws of the United States operate upon individuals, but not upon States, and precisely as if there were no States. In this matter the President has no discretion. He has taken a solemn oath to enforce the laws and preserve order, and to this end he has been made Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy. How can he be absolved from responsibility thus devolved upon him by the Constitution and his official oath?

From these positions he never retreated and in their maintenance he never faltered.

When the war cloud burst in thunders over our people and our fields were drenched in blood, he proved himself equal to the occasion. He grasped the dreadful events of the time with an iron resolution and a stern hand; he hesitated in the presence of no danger; no peril overtook him unprepared, and his resources were as boundless as the necessity that required them.

> A petty hand
> Can steer a ship becalmed, but he that will
> Govern and carry her to ends, must know
> His tides, his currents, how to shift his sails,
> What she will bear in foul, what in fair weathers,
> Where her springs are, her leaks and how to stop them,
> What strands, what shelves, what rocks do threaten her.

He who would pilot a State safely when rocked upon the rough sea of devastating war should have steady nerves, a clear head, be capable of carrying her to her ends in spite of tempests and false lights on the shore, of understanding the channels of human thought, sympathy, and action, of molding public opinion and setting the tides and currents of all these steadfastly against the dangers that imperil her.

Governor MORTON, by the judicious management of his State, which at the beginning of the rebellion was in serious danger from a divided public sentiment, showed himself possessed of such qualities in an unusual degree.

To the cause of the Union throughout that protracted struggle he consecrated every energy and impulse of his nature, suffering no disaster to appal, no defeat to discourage him; but in every vicissitude of that memorable conflict he had an abiding faith in the ultimate success of the national cause. To him the war was a contest in which slavery was measuring swords with free representative government, and he believed the victory of the insurgents would be the doom of the Republic.

During the war his labors were simply Herculean. No call was made upon his gallant State but that was responded to with alacrity. Under his administration more than two hundred thousand troops were mustered and sent to the field; nineteen thousand officers put in commission; arms, clothing, camps, and camp equipage supplied; soldiers' homes erected, sanitary commissions and soldiers' pay agencies organized. He personally supervised every detail of this immense work. He anticipated and supplied every want of the Indiana soldier. He kept himself informed of the location of every regiment, and wherever an Indianian followed the flag or pitched his tent, whether on the Potomac or the Mississippi, under the pines of the Carolinas or on the prairies of the Southwest, he was the object of his care. Ere the smoke was lifted from the battle-fields his volunteer surgeons and nurses, with medicines and sanitary stores for the sick and wounded, were at hand. By this unceasing watchfulness, this tender solicitude for the volunteer, he proved himself worthy of the name of "the soldier's friend."

In his administration of the civil affairs of the State he met and surmounted difficulties of the most perplexing nature. Here again he showed his superior executive ability. When a hostile Legislature adjourned without appropriating money with which to carry on the State government, he borrowed $2,000,000 on his personal assurance

of payment, provided for the prisons, the asylums, kept for two years the whole civil machinery in motion without a clog or a jar, and saved the honor of the State by the prompt payment of the interest on its debt.

Twice was he elected by the unanimous vote of his party to the Senate of the United States. He entered the Senate at a time when Congress had to deal with the difficult and delicate subject of reconstructing the seceding States. In this important and exciting controversy he took a prominent part. Of his position in the Senate it is enough to say that in that most exciting tribunal he was accorded a foremost place. By some, perhaps by many, his views upon the subject of reconstruction were thought extreme; but it was a time when even conservatism was extreme, when all opinions and sentiments were an enthusiasm. This is not a fit time to approve or condemn his opinions or his policy. We were too much actors and partizans in that controversy and we stand too near that day of bitterness to pass impartial judgment on its statesmen or their measures. In some future day, when the men of this era shall have passed away and their legislation and their ideas shall have been tested by years of national experience, it will be a proper time to praise or censure them. Posterity will review their work and pass upon it fairly; we cannot.

His love for the Union was an absorbing passion, and it gave color and direction to every thought and act of his public life. He believed the revolt of the South a crime, and that—

> Universal amnesty would remove the last mark of legal disapprobation of that crime; that it would be a declaration to posterity that there was nothing wrong in the rebellion; that it involved no criminality; that it was an honest difference of opinion between parties, without crime on either side.

Upon this question he did not leave his opinion to conjecture. In his place in the Senate he said:

It should be definitely established as a principle in our Constitution, both by judicial decision and example of punishment, that rebellion is treason, that treason is a crime which may not be committed with impunity.

He earnestly desired peace, a sincere and lasting peace, a restored Union, the re-establishment of cordial and kindly relations between the lately hostile sections, but was inflexibly opposed to a truce tinkered up by the adoption of what he conceived to be temporary and doubtful expedients. When peace came he meant it should be an abiding peace, one acknowledging the supremacy of the Constitution and the law and respecting and securing to the humblest every right of American citizenship. The sovereignty of right over force, of intelligence over prejudice, of the people over governments, was a cardinal point in his political creed, and he upheld it with the zeal of an apostle. To the amendments, to every advance movement of his party, he gave his unqualified support, and in his philosophy no system of government was republican that was not at once a charter of human rights and a gospel of political equality.

As a party man he was extreme, ofttimes bitter, assailing parties and measures with unusual asperity. To him politics meant war, and in the heat of the campaign he neither asked nor gave quarter. In these exasperating party struggles he was aggressive, assaulting his adversaries with much acrimony, regardless of the wounds he might inflict or the retribution he might provoke. Naturally he was a generous and chivalrous man. His political convictions, however, were fashioned in the midst of desperate, lawless war, when there were beating of drums and mustering of armed men, when thousands of his friends and neighbors were going down before the iron tempest of shot and shell. He should be judged by the times in which he lived.

Poets say that the clouds assume the form of the countries over which they have passed, and, molding themselves upon the valleys, plains, or mountains, acquire their shapes, and move with them over the skies.

So it is with the human mind: it models itself upon the epoch in which it lives and puts itself in sympathy with the impulses and passions of the times. The lessons of war are always stern, and they temper the manners, morals, and politics of the people. Love, charity, the tenderer instincts of our nature are speechless in the presence of its desolation. It is natural that the man should gather inspiration from the events in which he plays a leading part, and that he should become, to a large extent, the impersonation of the period in which he lives and acts.

As a political leader, an organizer of parties and campaigns, he was unsurpassed. His party accepted his leadership unquestioned, and with confidence that he would win success if victory were possible. He was an indefatigable worker. Although partially paralyzed and unable to walk without difficulty, he took charge of the canvass and visited and spoke in every section of his State. Unable to stand on the platform he sat on his chair, often in the open air, and spoke so as to reach the uttermost limits of the vast crowds that assembled to hear him. Although not "fluent like Cicero, nor like Burke magnificent," he was a captivating speaker, and the people pressed close about him until he uttered his last word. In his addresses he reached the reason of the multitude and often aroused an intense enthusiasm.

> I have seen
> The dumb men throng to see him, and the blind
> To hear him speak: The matrons flung their gloves,
> Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchiefs,
> Upon him as he passed.

He—

> Did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
> Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths.

As a public speaker he was clear, distinct, and intense, but never tore "a passion to tatters." He made his words the servants of his

thoughts and subordinated style to matter. He was seldom humorous, and never coarse. His language was correct, but he embellished his sentences with none of the charms of classical literature or the beauties of poetry, and never decked a sophistry in specious colors simply to charm or allure. Without great learning, his reserve of common sense supplied ample sources of argument, and his severe logic always secured attention, and even challenged the respect of those who differed most widely from him in opinion. His manner was easy, natural, and wholly without ostentation. In arrangement he was not always methodical, but his argument was given in unadorned Saxon and with a perspicuity that made it comprehensible to the most uncultivated mind. He was essentially a strong man, and there was at all times and upon all occasions an imposing vigor and compactness in his language and his logic that kept alive the interest of his auditory. He was only eloquent in his ability to "beat down the argument of his adversary and to put a better one in its place."

If to abandon a position found to be unsupported by facts, faulty in logic, or rendered untenable by the alterations of time or conditions, subjects one to the charge of inconsistency, Senator MORTON was not always consistent. At the first he antagonized the policy out of which the fifteenth amendment grew and combated it with his characteristic ability, but it is to his credit that he was unwilling to cling to an error simply to vindicate his consistency. As unyielding as he seemed to be in the championship of his opinions, he recognized the law of progress and laid under contribution the light of advancing knowledge.

Senator MORTON belonged to no church. Only once during our long acquaintance did I hear him talk at any length on the subject of religion. We were going to a political meeting and he had with

him a copy of Lamartine's Girondists, from which he read me the author's account of the deaths of Mirabeau, the tribune, and of Verginaud, the philosophic deputy of the Gironde. He spoke of Mirabeau's dying words:

> Environ me with music, sprinkle me with incense, and crown me with flowers, that I may pass into eternal sleep.

And then turning to the story of the last night passed by the condemned deputies in the old *conciergerie* he read me the last discourse of Verginaud. Said the condemned man:

> Death is but the greatest act of life, since it gives birth to a higher state of existence. Were it not thus there would be something greater than God. It would be the just man immolating himself uselessly and hopelessly for his country. This supposition is full of blasphemy, and I repel it with contempt and horror. No! Verginaud is not greater than God, but God is more just than Verginaud, and will not suffer him to ascend the scaffold but to justify him in future ages.

He then put in contrast the philosophy and faith of these historic men—Mirabeau going down into the gloom of the grave without a hope beyond and blaspheming the religion and teachings of the Nazarene with his last breath; Verginaud, in the sight of the guillotine, condemned to die at the next sunrise, reproving the skeptical levity of his colleagues, and discoursing with an inspired eloquence upon immortality, and proclaiming his unfaltering belief that his martyrdom would conduct him through the grave into a higher and happier life. Twenty years have rendered indistinct the language of Senator MORTON on this occasion, and I will not attempt to repeat it, but I remember that this reading led to a conversation in which he expressed his faith in immortality and the Christian system. He seemed not to regard the ceremonial of religion, but believed in a religion of feeling, of works, rather than of opinion. A religion of love as broad and high as the Infinite, embracing the whole human race; one that discarded the "dry husks of creeds" and planted itself upon the broadest philanthropy and tolerance.

Senator MORTON achieved no place or power by bribery, nor did he retain any by bargain or intrigue. In private and in public life he was an honest man. As governor he expended millions of the public moneys, made numerous and extensive contracts for Army supplies, and after a most rigid inquiry into his official conduct not a farthing was found to have been misappropriated. One who bitterly assailed him living, after his death paid this just tribute to the integrity of his official life:

> Living in an age of venality, of depravity and bribery, he kept his hands clean. With opportunities for enriching himself possessed by few, he contented himself with a moderate competency, and illustrated by the simplicity of his habits the democracy he once professed. If he had vices, cupidity was not one of them.

But at last it is in the domestic relation we learn men best. Man's domestic life is a sure and unerring index to his heart. To know him he must be seen at home, in that mystic circle of wife and children; that rallying-place of the affections. At the family hearth-stone, where his joys and griefs, his hopes and his aspirations are laid bare, we learn his inner nature. One of Senator MORTON's neighbors, who pronounced his funeral discourse, said of him:

> He was a conspicuous example of tenderness; it passed the bounds of ordinary family love as the friendship of Jonathan and David surpassed the ordinary tenderness of men. It was a passion that never died or waned. When burdened with such cares and tangled duties as no other governor of his State or any State ever carried, he still welcomed to his crowded office at all hours his wife and children, and never failed to greet them with kisses. He put away the great cares of State to embrace those he loved.

To his home and family he was devoted, for there children and

> A loving wife beguiled him more
> Than Fame's emblazoned zeal,
> And one sweet note of tenderness
> Than Triumph's wildest peal.

But OLIVER P. MORTON was weary and has gone to

> Rest in the bosom of God, till the brief sleep
> Of death is over, and a happier life
> Shall dawn to waken his insensible dust.

All that is mortal of him who for sixteen years was a notable figure in the most eventful and heroic era of the Republic, who

enchained the attention of listening multitudes and Senates, and to whom a great party looked for counsel and leadership, lies in the cemetery near the capital of the State he served so long and well. He has joined the pale battalions that have answered the roll-call of the great Captain. Near by the grave where he rests lie hundreds of those who, in answer to his call, went out to the battle-fields of the nation and challenged death

> In the fevered swamp and by the black bayou

and in the din of the fight. Hereafter, when the May-day comes and floral offerings are brought to adorn the tombs of these dead heroes, his hands will bear no wreath and decorate no grave. He will never more pay tribute to their patriotism and courage.

> For his lips are mute, his hands palsied,
> And his eye dark with the mists of death,

and he has lain down to sleep with them. There we must leave him, for

> He was weary, worn with watching,
> His life-crown of power hath pressed,
> Oft on the temples sadly aching—
> He was weary, let him rest!
> Toll, bells at the capital;
> Bells of the land, toll!
> Sob out your grief with brazen lungs;
> Toll! toll! toll!

Address of Mr. HARDENBERGH, of New Jersey.

Mr. SPEAKER, it has been a custom coeval with our Government when a member of the Senate or of the House is called to his final rest during the term of his official service that such of those who served with him as may be selected by the delegation from his own State shall pronounce his eulogy and thus give additional solemnity to an occasion which invites us to the most sober of reflections. In the varied phases of our American life the spirit of

progress pays but little attention to ancestral homes, and but few of our families but find themselves linked by kindred with other portions of our Union, and notably so those of my own State with the young empires of the West.

It is thus of New Jersey I weave to-day a chaplet to the memory of the departed Senator, whose immediate family, though long since removed from her limits, yet, through many of their kindred, adorn her history and still live to give impress to her policy and her progress. Death has again spread his sable wing over this Capitol, and we stand to-day within its shadow; and the significance of the occasion is that, though a great man has fallen, all are equal in that mysterious presence. What is position, honor, glory, when the inexorable tyrant treads a monarch down as easily as a worm? The Senator now lying so low, and removed so far, was of the most distinguished among the public men whose names were written upon the roll of our national legislation.

But yesterday he stood in front of the people, his ear to their heart, his voice for their utterance. The cares of the State, of the nation, upon his shoulders, he grappled with those high concerns which involve the empire of the mind and sought to set the stars in their courses which should direct and influence the generation in which he lived and for whom he labored. To-day, deaf to the applause of friends, the taunts of foes, the sweet voices of love, all heedless of his fair renown, insensible to glory. Between that yesterday and this to-day is an abyss no line has sounded, and the world with all its wisdom knows not what it is. But in that brief space the wave of life has come and gone. We saw its rising strength, its accumulating volume, its bounding and storm-tossed crest. As we gazed it had broken and become lost in the eternal sea. We stand upon the shore and seek in vain the refluent waters.

There shall be no return. We but repeat to-day the dirge which ever hath been chanted since time began and will be carried on in melancholy cadence until time itself shall end.

Partisanship is hushed and justice finds a voice in the presence of the dead. Such an hour, a momentary interlude in the play of passion, here suggests thoughts as to the value of great reputations and invokes speculation as to the ultimate influence upon the state of a life of so much energy and a career of such distinguished public service.

No stately Parthenon rears its fair and splendid proportions upon this Capitol Hill to enshrine in enduring beauty the forms of those thought worthy of remembrance by the Republic. No Westminster Abbey, with its time-defying monuments reared by a mournful state, wins hither the wandering and weary feet of the pilgrims of Liberty to the eternal twilight of the dead; but here and there, in quiet church-yards all over the land, they are borne amid the tearful benedictions of a grateful people to rest with their ancestral dust. It makes but little difference where lie scattered the bones of the brave six hundred of Balaklava while the English tongue continues the question "When can their glory fade?"

Who can determine the influence upon the Republic of that little band of the fathers slowly gathered in immortal beauty beneath the dome of this imposing edifice? We pass within the charmed circle ere we enter this Chamber; but who of us ever stopped a moment before them that did not feel the blood leap with bright current through his veins? Who ever looked upon the heroic forms of Samuel Adams and Ethan Allen without a prayer and a benediction, or upon the chivalric beauty of Baker without a renewed vow of patriotic devotion? These are the silent influences which govern us —these the invisible hands which keep alive the vestal fires upon

our altars, the unconscious monitors which determine and regulate the course and progress of human liberty.

We care but little where lie buried the fathers of the Republic; the earth is their sepulcher, the "wide-arched empire" their monument, and every language beneath the sun perpetuates their eulogies. Its great names are the foundation and pillars of the State; their achievements are its strength and their reputation its highest glory. OLIVER P. MORTON for many years has been a conspicuous man. Upon his introduction to public life he gave marked evidences of the possession of those qualities which would insure a successful career. He seemed born to be a ruler among men; with a temper and spirit that would not easily brook opposition; with a resolute and unflinching power of will; with unquestionable reliance upon his own convictions; with a courage which was undismayed by the presence of overwhelming antagonism, he became more defiant as the elements of resistance were successfully combined.

Indeed his was a spirit that reveled in the storm. Amid tranquil and gentle scenes he would enjoy repose, but that rest was the sweetest which followed the shock of battle or which enabled him to recruit his energies for a more vigorous and determined encounter. Not in the peaceful vale of life where the very winds of heaven were subdued, not where nature herself was in repose, the fields smiling in verdure and strewn with flowers, inviting to luxury and ease, did this stern Senator find fitting material to gratify ambition or summon his soul to loftiest endeavor. His home was upon Alpine heights, with the tempest and the avalanche to stir his heart with their wild melancholy to its profoundest depths; amid scenes of confusion and tumult, of popular excitement and seething conflicts of opinion, his was the master-spirit, that could "ride the whirlwind and direct the storm." Fearless, collected, and immov-

able, he was not to be diverted from his purpose by intimidation or execration on the one hand, or blandishments or cajolery on the other.

His position was never one of doubt. Always at the front, with ringing voice, the mien and gesture of authority, Achilles-like, he "pined for the fierce joy and tumult of the fight."

To a soul so tempered the events of the past twenty years have furnished ample opportunity for development. The threatening complications, the gathering gloom, the menace of the sections, the mutual defiance which charged the northern and the southern sky, unchained the lightning in his breast, and with swift, unsparing vigor he launched his thunders forth until hill and valley echoed back the sound, and armed men, fresh from the hearth, the work-shop, and the field, were marshaled in hot haste to vindicate what they believed to be the dearest right of the citizen and the most sacred obligations of the State. No man can charge the governor of Indiana, at the period of which I speak, with exercising any timid, doubtful, or vacillating policy. No man can truthfully assert that he faltered once, or for an instant quailed in assuming the tremendous responsibility created by a fierce and fratricidal war.

The fires that were kindled on every mountain-top, the trumpet tones that awakened the echoes in every valley, were significant to him of a great and overmastering emergency.

A national catastrophe, a separation into disjointed fragments of the glorious structure which he had hoped was to endure throughout the ages, and which, as the highest expression of human wisdom, was to secure for the race the perpetual enjoyment of civil and religious liberty under the benign protection of the law—what wonder that, as he read the signals, the lurid flame shut out the stars,

shut out the heavens, shut out all thought of mercy and all gentle thoughts. At home, when a boy, he heard from his father's lips the story of the Republic: The unknown, the undiscovered shore; the voyage of Columbus over an untracked waste; a new world beyond the setting sun like a star risen from the ocean, with its strange inhabitants, its wondrous wealth, its marvelous promise; the bleak December where the pilgrim fathers built on a rock the great cathedral of freedom, with the sea chanting its eternal anthems; the desolation of savage life; the war-whoop, the tomahawk, the scalping-knife; the perpetual struggles of the colonists; the convulsions which attended the birth of States; the sublime utterances of independence; the battle-fields of the Revolution; the peerless Washington; the government established under the Constitution; the consummate wisdom which distinguished the great charter of human rights; the marvelous, the incredible energy which has reclaimed a continent from a weary waste to all the great uses of the most advanced civilization; a country, a nation, his own, his grandsires, his children's, theirs to the end of time with its glorious memories, its hallowed associations and its golden promise—"all this rushed with his blood," and as he saw the glittering ranks and heard the firm tread of hostile armies he had but one thought, he breathed but one prayer.

It was to strive to the uttermost with all the power which God had given him that he might resist with all the aids to be derived from earth and sea and sky or from the powers beneath the earth.

He met the requirements of the hour with a fortitude, a patience, a laborious industry, an unceasing faith in the final success which found no discouragement, and no man rejoiced with a more exceeding joy than did he when the issues were determined and the unity and indivisibility of the nation were established in peace.

It could not be supposed that a man of such force, so much weight of brain, so much strength of will, so much intense individuality, could pass through such a strife without forming conclusions of a decided and permanent character. With him principles were independent of the man. He would combat opinions without respect to persons. He had no disposition to compromise, to arrange, to weigh one force against another, to arbitrate in doubtful matters, to give and take as policy should decide, to smooth down rough edges that a wrong should insinuate itself upon the side of right and find encouragement on the ground of avoiding useless controversy. With him the path of duty only was the path of safety, and no matter through what difficult or dangerous roads it were necessary to traverse to perform that duty as he understood it, he would be deterred by no fears, no threats, no inducements of personal aggrandizement, to abandon the severer and more painful course.

It may be no disparagement to say that he was ambitious of power—not so much the direct control of men as the ability to use them to enforce and carry into effect those measures he conceived to be the wisest and the best adapted to promote the ends he had in view. And is there a man upon the roll of all such as have been distinguished in our annals who would not seek and exercise such power? No man has become truly great by negation. It is the aggressive, the positive, the calculating and determined energy of fearless and tireless pursuits which in the history of mankind has distinguished one man above another.

We all remember with what apparent vindictiveness and harshness he insisted upon the scheme of reconstruction. He was unwilling to relegate power to other hands than those who would use it as in his judgment it should be used. But he was better adapted:

the elements of which he was composed found more congenial labor in resisting disintegration than in rebuilding the shattered framework of the Republic. His was a special ministry, and well and bravely did he exercise it.

Senator MORTON was no time-server; he never bent "the pregnant hinges of the knee" that thrift might follow fawning. He was direct, outspoken, without a shadow of hypocrisy, and in all his personal relations he was the affectionate counselor, the steadfast friend, the generous patron, the disinterested ally, the uncompromising enemy of craft, of dissimulation, as well as of cant and insincerity.

How grateful to the memory of those who were upon terms of privacy and intimacy with him must be the recollections of his many endearing and kindly virtues. To all rugged and manly attributes he added a tender and gentle spirit which especially fitted him for companionship and drew others to him with hooks of steel. Strong in his attachments, affectionate in his sympathies, he clung to the ties of kindred and of domestic love with an ardor and sensibility no time, no distance could weaken or diminish. None other than those who thus knew him best can so well appreciate the sore bereavement his departure has occasioned; but the sacredness of private grief we shall not violate.

His public career is before the world. Prominent in the councils of the nation, a gladiator upon the arena, he challenged and he defied criticism of that august body whose deliberations are before the world; he was of the foremost in debate.

He easily extracted the pith and marrow of a subject and hurled his lance at the weak points of an adversary's armor with remarkable skill and power. He could take heavy blows without wincing, and one could not tell from any external expression

whether a vital point had been penetrated or not. I attempt not to delineate the peculiar qualities of the great Senator's mind. An accurate analysis requires far more comprehensive knowledge than mine can furnish to set forth in just measure and accurate detail the strength and power, the logical clearness, the profound thought, and acute discrimination which distinguished his career. As a party man his allegiance was faithful and his discipline exacting.

I do not propose to consider the personal antagonism or the partisan rancor evoked by a character so uncompromising and so determined. In the collision of opposing interests, in the struggle to establish principles of administration irreconcilable and incapable of adjustment, the hostility of sects, of parties, and of individuals is a necessary consequence attending elaborate and inflammable discussion. But a temper irritated by the malice of envy or aroused by the violence of revenge is to be distinguished from the earnestness which animates conviction or the fortitude which inspires the assertion of unpopular but far-reaching and comprehensive methods. The surface of the ocean may be vexed by inconstant and variable winds chafing the current and driving them from their course. It is the prolonged and mighty sweep of the tempest at whose commands the caverns of the deep are unlocked, her billows lifted to the skies, and the startled shores lashed and quivering beneath their remorseless fury.

Mr. Speaker, on an occasion like this it is not becoming, as it would not be desirable, to arraign positions assumed upon questions which have been the subject of high controversy within these legislative Chambers, and which have not yet passed from the public observation. His opponents recognize his ability, for they have felt his power. The arm so often raised to strike is nerveless; the

flashing eye is closed; the stalwart form is prostrate; all-conquering death hath sealed the lips so eloquent to maintain and to defend in high and well-considered argument. We remember only that he was true to himself and false to no man; that his speech was the faithful interpreter of his own thoughts and his conduct the just expression of his judgment; that he overtasked the prime of his life in laborious efforts to inaugurate a policy which he believed would best promote the general welfare; that, harassed by physical infirmities, disturbed by the encroachments of disease, oppressed by the solicitude which accompanies a sense of wasting powers, he nerved himself with unfaltering courage to meet the obligations of the hour.

He fed the exhausting flame of life upon an altar consecrated to the public service, and only with his last sigh expressed, in the pathetic words, "I am worn out," surrendered to the inevitable conditions which limit all ambition and all hope when earth is fading from sight and the weary eye is straining toward the immortal shore.

But still the man remains immortal in the imperishable record he has made, in the unfading honors he has won, in the deathless influence of his precepts and his example.

What means this brief span of life, with its cares, its aspirations, its struggles, its triumphs, its defeats?

Are the waters of Lethe to drown all in dark oblivion and the devouring grave to consume these activities forever? Ah, Mr. Speaker, it were but a poor reward for all our ambition that the laurel-leaf should be entwined upon our tomb, though the generations of the future even should keep it green with their tears. Man in all his wide domain hath no gift of honor which can satisfy the desires of an immortal soul.

Let passion be hushed, for the grave is silent. Let flowers only spring from the mold, as emblems of that purer and better nature which alone will live in our memories and shall be cherished within our hearts.

The hearse is passed, the knell is rung,
The pageant and the pomp are done;
A statesman lies at Christian rest,
Ite, conclamatum est.

Address of Mr. HUNTER, of Indiana.

Mr. SPEAKER, OLIVER P. MORTON, Indiana's greatest statesman, is numbered among the illustrious dead. He was a native of that State, born in Wayne County, August 4, 1823, and always remained a resident of it until his death. He died at the city of Indianapolis, November 1, 1877, in his fifty-fifth year.

Among those who have attained national prominence as leaders of men, either in the early years of the Republic or in the not less eventful times of our own day, there has been no one in all the long and glorious list of patriotic statesmen who was so much to his State as was OLIVER P. MORTON to Indiana; no one whose record was so great a part of his State's history; no one whose influence in his State was so powerful and so universally acknowledged; no one whose death has left so great a void or been more deeply and sincerely mourned.

Long shall we seek his likeness—long in vain,
And turn to all of him which may remain,
Sighing that Nature form'd but one such man.

Governor MORTON came of good old English stock that emigrated to this country about the time of the breaking out of the revolutionary war, whose most prominent traits of character he inherited in an unusual degree. His strong practical common sense, his indomitable will, his inflexibility of purpose, his courage that

never faltered in opposing what he believed to be wrong, his confidence that such opposition must end in victory, however gloomy might seem the present prospect—all these were ancestral traits that gave to his life a large measure of success and placed him among the most conspicuous in the political history of the nation.

He was not born to inherit riches or to be nursed in the lap of luxury; he had none of the advantages which ample fortune bestows; nor, on the other hand, was his ambition repressed or "the genial current of his soul" frozen by the cruel frosts of poverty. His mother died when he was but four years old, and several years of his childhood were passed with her relatives in Springdale, Ohio. His facilities for acquiring information were meager, but he made the most of them and gained a thorough knowledge of the rudimentary branches of a common English education. Whether on the rude bench of a country school-house during a brief winter session or toiling at the hatter's trade, to which he was apprenticed at fifteen years of age, he wasted no opportunity of increasing his mental stores. His leisure hours and the odds and ends of time which most boys devote to play were utilized by him in reading and study. He did not neglect his trade. There was in him no contempt of labor, no scorn of laborers, for he always honored each; but his rapid intellectual growth, his unusual fondness for reading, and his remarkable judgment, which prompted him to select the best standard authors, historical, scientific, and metaphysical, induced the friends who were most interested in his welfare to give him an opportunity for further and more rapid progress in mental culture.

He attended a seminary in his native county and subsequently entered Miami University, at Oxford, Ohio, but did not remain there to complete the regular course. At college he attained reputation as a ready and forcible debater. Rapidity of thought and

clearness of expression were his characteristics then as in after years. While others were pondering the proper words with which to fitly clothe their ideas, his thoughts found instant expression in plain, forcible, and appropriate terms. Throughout his life he showed wonderful command of language, and yet his store of words was neither rich nor beautiful, but strong, pointed, and convincing. He often evinced great mastery of eloquence, swaying the minds of juries, popular audiences, and legislative bodies, but his success as a speaker was not owing so much to the elegant manner of expression as to the strong, compact, and logical thoughts so forcibly uttered by him. He spoke the language of the masses so that "the common people heard him gladly," he used no word beyond their comprehension; but so fitly chosen were his words that they were equally well adapted to the ear of a statesman, a common laborer or a scholar, to the Senate or to a promiscuous audience upon the stump.

While others sought to erect gorgeous palaces, with columns and shafts of finely carved and polished marble, in which ornamentation and beautiful finish were more studied than strength of structure, he preferred to build strong walls of plain and solid granite.

Leaving college at the age of twenty-two, he began the study of law at Centreville, in his native county, and prosecuted this study with the utmost energy and thoroughness. He brought to the task exhaustless patience, keen perception, a wonderfully retentive memory, and robust physical health. He worked with untiring zeal and with a firm determination to master each step in his upward and onward career. Admitted to the bar in 1847, he struggled for success amid many discouragements; but courage and pluck triumphed; he attained a large and, for those days and that section, a lucrative practice. In civil and criminal cases he was alike eminent; and, had he continued to devote his time and energies to his

profession, there is no reason to doubt that he would have attained the highest professional fame and ample fortune. Few men ever surpassed him in power to plant conviction in the mind of a court or jury, which made him successful as a practitioner and soon gave him the reputation as an attorney who seldom lost a case.

To review the political career of Senator MORTON would consume hours, where I have only moments. He was originally a democrat, but cast off his allegiance to that party when its proslavery tendencies were manifested in the repeal of the Missouri compromise; and from that hour to the close of his life he was among the foremost, often the most conspicuous, opponent to the policy and measures of the democratic party.

The month of November, 1860, found the country hopelessly and helplessly, to all appearances, drifting to certain ruin. Secession conventions had been called in the South, armies were being formed there and drilled, and the determination of political leaders in that section to destroy the Union was but too painfully apparent. In the North there was almost fatal hesitancy and a spirit of compromise that, had it been permitted to prevail, would have been a death-blow to national unity. It was at that critical moment, says a recent biographer of Senator MORTON—

> That a strong man rose in Indianapolis and sounded the key-note of northern patriotism. His words were bold, his bearing was brave, his enthusiasm was inspired. His central thought was that the Constitution provided no way for the Southern States to get out of the Union, and that they must be kept in, if need be by force. "The whole question," said he, "is summed up in this proposition: 'Are we one nation, one people, or thirty-three nations, or thirty-three independent and petty States?' The statement of the proposition furnishes the answer. If we are one nation then no State has a right to secede. Secession can only be the result of successful revolution. I answer the question for you, and I know that my answer will find a true response in every true American heart, that we are one people, one nation, undivided and indivisible. If South Carolina gets out of the Union, I trust it will be at the point of the bayonet, after our best efforts have failed to compel her to submission to the laws." This was what the North was waiting to hear. The speech went like wild-fire over the country. Mr. Lincoln declared that it covered the whole ground and outlined the policy which he would pursue. It was not only wise and patriotic; it was prophetic.

In 1860 he was elected lieutenant-governor, and in January, 1861, he became governor, by the election of Governor Henry S. Lane to the United States Senate, and from that moment he became prominent before the nation, prominent as few men ever have been or ever can be, for the occasion of his prominence was an event not likely to recur again in our national history.

It is as the war governor of Indiana that MORTON is best known, and whoever shall truly write the history of that eventful period cannot fail to place the name and deeds of OLIVER P. MORTON among the very foremost of those that saved the Republic. In his State, more than any other of the Northern States, there was sympathy with the rebellion and opposition to the war. But Governor MORTON's resistless energy swept all sympathy and opposition from his pathway, and inspired even the timid and faint-hearted with something of his own great courage, his own unyielding hope. His capacity as an organizer and his unparalleled executive ability astonished and delighted all loyal men. He had troops ready in anticipation of calls; no call for men ever elicited a tardy or a reluctant response, and in almost every instance Indiana was the first State to send a cheering reply to President Lincoln when he asked for fresh levies of troops. In advance of every other State of the West in preparation for war, Indiana led all others in her care for soldiers in the field; and there was not an Indiana soldier in any of our armies who did not know and feel that Governor MORTON was his friend.

Through all these terrible years, with the same intense earnestness, the same untiring energy, the same unflinching loyalty, he continued to support the Union cause and to keep his State in the front rank of those on which Mr. Lincoln knew he could rely in any emergency for men and money. Treason in his own State

could not dishearten nor deter him, nor could it find him unprepared to meet and crush it wherever it undertook to assert itself. Hatred and malice could not divert his attention for one moment from the great cause of the imperiled Union. With sublime fortitude he pressed on and bore others with him to the glorious end; and had he done no more, had his life terminated with the close of the war, he would still have lived long enough to inscribe his name among

> The few, the immortal names,
> That were not born to die.

As a Senator his career was as full of hope and promise to the loyal element of the nation as was the bow in the cloud to Noah and his children. To him more than to any other man is due the credit of such legislation as has preserved some portion of the fruits of Union victories in the late war. In the Senate he passed through no probationary state, but at once became prominent and soon the recognized leader of the dominant party in that Chamber.

As a debater, as a constant participant in extemporaneous discussion, he has had few equals, if any superior, in the Senate at any period of our history. It was not uncommon for him in a ten-minute off-hand speech to utterly destroy the effect of a long and elaborate oration. The most eloquent statesmen, the ripest scholars, and most graceful speakers dreaded contact with the huge bowlders hurled by him in debate with so much precision, force, and effectiveness in the form of strong, plain, concise, and logical arguments, and with which he assaulted the positions of all who opposed him. With the great measures of the American Congress which connect themselves with the questions of liberty, equality, and human rights the name of Senator MORTON is indissolubly associated.

The political opponents of Senator MORTON always respected him for his sincerity and straightforwardness. He detested hypoc-

risy and despised all cowardly and underhanded dealings. He fought boldly, and always carried the positions of the enemy by direct assault in open day, and he never left his opponents in doubt for one moment as to how he would act in any emergency. They knew that he would oppose them openly, fairly, manfully, and gain his victory, if at all, by such means only as are approved by honorable men.

As a friend Senator MORTON was, in the highest and best sense of the word, loyal. His attachments were not hastily formed; were based on strong grounds and not easily shaken. Much of his influence over men was due to the fact that he was true to his friends.

In the social circle he was attractive. He was not only a good talker, but enjoyed listening to others who were interesting in conversation, and had the happy faculty of making even the most humble feel at ease and unembarrassed in his presence. He was never obtrusive with counsel, but free to give it when asked. He was gentle, genial, and full of the milk of human kindness. He loved children and was beloved by them. At his home with his family there was no kinder husband nor tenderer father, and no man was ever rewarded with greater devotion and purer affection than were lavished on him by the members of his domestic circle.

For many years and under varied circumstances, in peace and war, in sunshine and in shadow, it was my privilege to know and to be admitted to the friendship of OLIVER P. MORTON. I honored him as a man and loved him as a friend. It is, perhaps, too soon after the bitterness and heart-burnings of the political strife of the last fifteen years to expect that all should do justice to his noble qualities of head and heart. He was as little influenced by personal animosities as any man I ever knew. He could hate what he deemed political heresies, and yet cherish kindly feelings toward

those who held such views. Many of his warm and most intimate friends were opposed to him in politics. But he never allowed this difference of opinion to affect his friendship. Each day of his life he grew stronger in the affections of the people of his own State as well as those of the nation, and to OLIVER P. MORTON more than any other man did they look for a proper solution of the various troubles, political and financial, which now surround and embarrass the country. His loss, therefore, was not that merely of a great and good man, but it was a national calamity.

In his last sickness he was a great sufferer, but he bore his afflictions with patience and resignation, and when worn out by disease, with a heart free from malice, he closed his high career in the arms of death, loved, honored, and respected by the people of his State and nation, whom he served so faithfully and so well.

Address of Mr. GARFIELD, of Ohio.

For all the great professions known among Americans special training-schools have been established or encouraged by law except for that of statesmanship. And yet no profession requires for its successful pursuit a wider range of general and special knowledge or a more thorough and varied culture.

Probably no American youth, unless we except John Quincy Adams, was ever trained with special reference to the political service of his country.

In monarchial governments not only wealth and rank but political authority descends by inheritance from father to son. The eldest son of an English peer knows from his earliest childhood that a seat awaits him in the House of Lords. If he be capable and ambitious the dreams of his boyhood and the studies of his

youth are directed toward the great field of statesmanship. To the favored few this system affords many and great advantages, and upon the untitled many, whom "birth's invidious bar" shuts out from the highest places of power, it must rest with discouraging weight.

Our institutions confer special privileges upon no citizen, and we may now say they erect no barrier in the honorable career of the humblest American. They open an equal pathway for all, and invite the worthiest to the highest seats. The fountains of our strength as a nation spring from the private life and the voluntary efforts of forty-five millions of people. Each for himself confronts the problem of life, and amid its varied conditions develops the forces with which God has endowed him. Meantime the nation moves on in its great orbit with a life and destiny of its own, each year calling to its aid those qualities and forces which are needed for its preservation and its glory. Now it needs the prudence of the counselor, now the wisdom of the law-giver, and now the shield of the warrior to cover its heart in the day of battle. And when the hour and the man have met and the needed work has been done, the nation crowns her heroes and makes them her own forever.

Such hours we have often seen during the last seventeen years, hours which have called forth the great elements of manhood and strength from the ranks of our people and crowded our pantheon with new accessions of glory.

Seventeen years ago, at a moment of supreme peril, the nation called upon the people of twenty-two States to meet around her altar and defend her life.

Of all the noble men who responded to that call no voice rang out with more clearness and power than that of Oliver P. Mor-

TON, the young governor of Indiana. He was then but thirty-seven years of age. Self-made, as all men are who are worth the making, he had risen from a hard life of narrow conditions by fighting his own way, thinking his own thoughts, and uttering them without fear, until by the fortune of political life he had become the chief executive of his State. He saw at once and declared the terrible significance of the impending struggle, and threw his whole weight into the conflict. His State and my own marched abreast in generous emulation. But he was surrounded by difficulties and dangers which hardly found a parallel in any other State. With unconquerable will and the energy of a Titan he encountered and overcame them all; and keeping Indiana in line with the foremost, he justly earned the title of one of the greatest war governors of that heroic period.

Thus the great need of the nation called forth and fixed in the enduring colors of fame those high qualities which thirty-seven years of private life had been preparing.

To learn the lesson of his great life, let us recall briefly its leading characteristics.

He was a great organizer. He knew how to evoke and direct the enthusiasm of his people. He knew how to combine and marshal his forces, political or military, so as to concentrate them all upon a single object and inspire them with his own ardor.

I have often compared him with Stanton, our great War Secretary, whose windows at the War Office for many years far into the night shone out, "like battle-lanterns lit," while he mustered great armies and launched them into the tempest of war and "organized victory." In the whole circle of the States no organizer stood nearer to him in character and qualities and friendship than OLIVER P. MORTON.

His force of will was most masterful. It was not mere stubbornness or pride of opinion which weak and narrow men mistake for firmness; but it was that stout-hearted persistency which, having once intelligently chosen an object, pursues it through sunshine and storm, undaunted by difficulties and unterrified by danger.

He possessed an intellect of remarkable clearness and force. With keen analysis he found the core of a questson and worked from the center outwards. He cared little for the mere graces of speech; but few men have been so greatly endowed with the power of clear statement and unassailable argument. The path of his thought was straight—

> Like that of the swift cannon-ball,
> Shattering that it may reach, and shattering what it reaches.

When he had hit the mark he used no additional words and sought for no decoration. These qualities, joined to his power of thinking quickly, placed him in the front rank of debaters and every year increased his power.

It has been said that Senator MORTON was a partisan, a strong partisan, and this is true. In the estimation of some this detracts from his fame. That evils arise from extreme partisanship there can be no doubt. But it should not be forgotten that all free governments are party governments. Our great Americans have been great partisans. Senator MORTON was not more partisan than Adams, Jefferson, Jackson, Clay, Calhoun, Benton, Marshall, Taney, or Chase. Strong men must have strong convictions, and "one man with a belief is a greater power than a thousand that have only interests." Partisanship is opinion crystallized, and party organizations are the scaffoldings whereon citizens stand while they build up the wall of their national temple. Organizations may change or dissolve, but when parties cease to exist liberty will perish.

In conclusion, let me say that the memory of Governor MORTON will be forever cherished and honored by the soldiers of my State. They fought side by side with the soldiers of Indiana, and on a hundred glorious fields his name was the battle-cry of the noble regiments which he had organized and inspired with his own lofty spirit.

To the nation he has left the legacy of his patriotism and the example of a great and eventful life.

Address of Mr. DUNNELL, of Minnesota.

Mr. SPEAKER, the life and character of the late Senator MORTON will be read and admired by generations of American citizens yet unborn. The moral and intellectual qualities which his public services developed and made conspicuous were such as all the noble dead must have possessed and exercised. Enduring fame must have a cause. It is not an accident. It is not attained by a moderate use of the common qualities of heart or brain, but must be the offspring of mental or moral powers, clearly and unmistakably great. The man whose name shall outlive that of his fellows must surpass them in character or deed as much as he would have his name go beyond theirs on its way to coming time.

While the subject of our eulogies to-day had in large development not a few of the rarest traits of human character, I shall be content to call attention to the strength of his convictions and his tenacity of purpose.

His convictions were so strong and deep that they banished from him every element of moral weakness. He, therefore, spent no time in doubt or in a discussion of measures suggested by doubt. He lost no force by the intimations of mere expediency. The

cause which he espoused became a part of his very being and drove from him every vestige of fear. His convictions made him bold. Luther was not bolder when he uttered the words which put his name upon the imperishable scroll of fame.

He was tenacious of purpose. With his deep, thorough convictions he could not have been otherwise. The exciting scenes through which he passed between 1861 and the time of his too early death furnished abundant occasions for a display of the traits of character to which I have referred. The great Roman poet could describe in no juster words the immortal Augustus, than to say of him:

> Justum et tenacem propositi virum,
> Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
> Non vultus instantis tyranni,
> Solida quatit mente.

These words give a reason why the succeeding ages have kept the deeds and name of Augustus safe from the touch of time. Not less could the American statesman, whose life we fittingly eulogize this day, than the Roman hero, be moved from his fixed purposes by the fierceness of citizens commanding wrong courses of action or the presence of the threatening tyrant or traitor.

It is not strange that Oliver P. Morton, almost in a day, passed from comparative obscurity into a well-merited national renown, when as governor of Indiana he at once displayed his pre-eminent fitness to meet the terrible exigencies of the hour. The wicked devices of his personal enemies and those of his country only the more perfectly brought into immediate play the rare gifts of head and heart with which God had endowed him. It cannot be told here by what courage, by what almost superhuman labors, by what consummate use of means, and by what rare wisdom he held his State in the orbit of loyalty and duty. His great patriotism

could endure no limits to its exercise less than those which bounded the entire country. He could not hesitate when the great work was upon him. History will not let slip the labors of Governor MORTON during the period of war. He sought out, shaped, and controlled every force. He was the State itself. In and through him it acted. It is said of Henry II:

> He himself was always the center of all power. He remembered everything, he thought of everything, he cared for everything. Nothing escaped his eye and his hand.

These words in English history will find their place in American history when the life of Governor MORTON shall be written. An official integrity, rendered all the more brilliant by a futile attempt to impeach it, added its luster to the steady, unyielding tenacity with which he guided his State into the path of supreme devotion to the Republic. He so discharged the vast responsibilities that the nation applauded, and when peace came the State gave him a seat in the Senate Chamber of the nation.

His services in the Senate need no formal recital of incidents. From the first he took and held a place among the ablest in that distinguished body. No important measure was considered there, during his term of service, which he did not discuss and elucidate. The clearness of his style and the earnestness with which he enforced the conclusions of his logic always gave him the attention of the Senate. The great occasion found him ready and equal to its demands. His power in debate was due, in no small degree, to the unmistakable sincerity and enthusiasm with which he yielded to and followed his convictions. He spoke from a heart filled with belief. His eloquence was born in the soul, and hence was real, true eloquence. He was not content simply to meet the questions which came before the Senate in the ordinary course of business,—he

indicated measures which the Government would need in coming periods of her life. He was the sagacious statesman.

Senator MORTON was eminent for his devotion to the republican party. He held to it as unfalteringly as he did to the cause of the Union itself. He believed in its principles, and deemed their triumph essential to the highest weal of the country. For their triumph his voice was heard by millions of his countrymen. It was raised in dignified argument. Speaking with him was but the logical arrangement of facts and the enforcement of their teachings. This was done with the seriousness which honest and deeply cherished convictions never fail to produce. It is needless to say that he was an effective speaker, that the people delighted to hear him, that they honored the man who honored them by the very manner in which he addressed them. His campaign speeches were a masterly statement of the issues involved in the canvass. No man in the party surpassed him in this respect. His opening speeches, as they were often denominated, were eagerly looked for. They became texts for party speakers in every State in the Union. Their effect upon the public mind was marvelous, and therein attested the genius of their author.

But, sir, how vain the effort to recount the labors and the public achievements of the lamented Senator. Words fail us. We can but wonder that a life so soon ended should bear such rich, abundant fruit. We mourn the dead, yet rejoice that this resplendent life was given to the nation.

> We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
> In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
> * * * * * * He most lives
> Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

Address of Mr. WILLIAMS, of Wisconsin.

Mr. SPEAKER, when the wife of OLIVER P. MORTON, at the bedside of her dead husband, exclaimed: "Oh, my boys!" a nation listened, and a nation realized how strong the chords that had been broken, how great the light that had gone out.

Real greatness and true worth achieve their loftiest triumphs and their best results when, while fighting the battles of a nation, they intrench themselves deeper and stronger in the affections of wife and children, neighbor and friend.

Such a man I think was OLIVER P. MORTON. If he was great in head, he was great also in heart. He ever took the side of the weaker party. He was the friend of the friendless and the champion of the oppressed. Their wrongs were his wrong; their griefs were his grief; and if when his sense of justice was touched and all his energies were roused, he fought with the fierceness and courage of the lion, so when the contest was over he forgave with the simplicity and tenderness of a child.

He only wanted to know that the settlement, whatever it might be, was genuine and sincere. He hated all shams and pretenses. He knew nothing of circumlocution; he went straight to the question before him, and as his own words sped like bullets to the mark, so fine phrases and the tricks of speech had no charm for him except as they stood for the very truth of the matter in question. He was no temporizer.

He had no heart to build where he felt there was a flaw in the foundation. He would sooner dig to the bottom and replace all rotten timbers with sound material than rely on the props and stays of expedients to give strength to the superstructure.

In his earnestness of purpose and in the fire and heat of debate

he was not always the most choice in his use of language, but no man, either friend or foe, ever mistook its honest meaning.

He was a true man. He shirked no responsibility and shunned no duty, but whether in the wildest hour of rebellion he struggled for the honor and fidelity of his native State or for the integrity and glory of the entire Union, his sledge-hammer blows brought down upon the great anvil of public opinion rang out the notes to which a patriotic land responded.

For such a man there was and could be no rest.

We are told that he loved his home and all the joys of domestic peace, but his public life was a life of storm and battle. It could not well be otherwise; for while in all the land there was one human being, even one of the humblest of God's creatures, denied a single constitutional right, OLIVER P. MORTON could not and would not be peaceable. Whatever others might say or do, when he believed that scores and hundred of American citizens were being slaughtered in cold blood for the bare assertion of their political rights, he never flinched from saying so either from the rostrum, before the people, or from his seat in the Senate in the presence of all his peers.

For such a man, I repeat, there was and there could be no peace; and had his life been spared as long as some of us might have hoped, it would have been all the same. The contest would have gone on; he would have been assailed, abused, and vilified while living; he would have been loved, honored, and revered when dead.

Mr. Speaker, these are the penalties and these the rewards which God himself has attached to the conscientious performance of public duty. Mr. MORTON was not only a courageous but he was an honest man. His lot was cast in the stormiest period of the Republic. For seventeen years he stood in the full glare of opportunity. As gov-

ernor of Indiana he disbursed large sums of the public money; he had patronage to bestow. In the Senate he frequently became the champion of measures involving vast property interests. The disbursement of millions of money might turn upon his voice or vote, and yet he died leaving a competence only such as a frugal life could gather.

His style of living was the most unpretentious. It has been said of him that at one time, when fashion spread her crimson sails and the sea of gayety rolled unchecked through this capital, Mr. MORTON'S coachman donned the livery of the time, and the Senator observing this, without ostentation of any kind and without attempting in the slighest degree to dictate as to the tastes or customs of others, simply intimated to his coachman that the plain garb of the American citizen would do for him and would have to do for the driver of his cab; and we all remember that primitive vehicle in which, from necessity, he rode from the Capitol to his lodgings.

These are slight matters, perhaps scarcely worth the mentioning; and yet, in the language of the immortal Lincoln, "the plain people will understand them."

I well remember an incident which occurred during the last Congress. A committee of which I chanced to be a member was charged with certain investigations. A witness had mentioned the name of Mr. MORTON in connection with a proposed improper fee. It was an obscure insinuation and in no wise rose to the dignity of a charge. The testimony was printed in an evening paper. The next morning, no sooner were our doors opened than the rattle of the Senator's canes was heard on the marble stairway leading to the committee-room; and the manner in which he confronted his accuser and the celerity with which the charge was withdrawn convinced all who witnessed the scene that OLIVER P. MORTON was able and ready to defend his honor whenever assailed.

Mr. Speaker, I am not on the list of his eulogists because I can pretend to have enjoyed his intimate acquaintance. And yet at one time certain minor committee duties threw me frequently in his society, and I had the good fortune to hear him discuss in the unreserve of social intercourse some of the most important questions of the day. I think whoever heard him at such times could not fail to be convinced that central facts and fundamental ideas were the guiding-star of his life.

I remember going to him at one time in the Senate and making the inquiry when he expected to complete a speech which he had commenced upon Mississippi affairs. With an air of gravity amounting almost to sadness he replied, "I am not sure that I shall ever complete it." He then went on to say that his only object in making it was to get certain facts before the country, but that, under the policy of journalism then in vogue, while whole columns and pages of the remarks of opponents were given to the public, of which he did not complain, scarcely a dozen lines of these facts were allowed to appear. And he added, with an emphasis which I shall never forget:

> The truth is, that congressional documents and reports are fast becoming the mere tombs of facts which if known in detail would startle the country with horror.

That speech was never completed. It remains as he left it, a specimen of his unfinished work.

And, Mr. Speaker, I sometimes fear the time will yet come in this country—which may God in his mercy avert—when that speech, standing like a broken column, may prove a monumental reminder to the American people that one of their gravest mistakes was that at one of the most critical periods of their history they neglected to take the advice and counsel of OLIVER P. MORTON.

It has sometimes been charged that in his public acts he was

moved only by a spirit of hatred. I do not think the man ever knew the feeling of hate, except that hatred which he felt for all forms of wrong and injustice. And I think the day is rapidly approaching when this will be universally conceded, and when none will be more ready to acknowledge it than those who are his bitterest, his ablest, and therefore most generous opponents. He simply followed his convictions of duty wherever they led him.

Could he rise from the grave to-day to pronounce his own eulogy, I doubt if he could do it in fitter language than when he said of Henry Wilson:

> His great strength was in his convictions. He was a man of ideas, and relied upon ideas for success. He was a man of courage. He dared to follow his convictions wherever they led him.

So with Mr. MORTON. He was full of convictions and fearfully in earnest. He seldom jested and never trifled. To him the conflicts of life were fraught with awful reality, and such of them as fell to his lot were prosecuted with the skill of a master. But while he marshaled all his means and fought like a Hercules for success he never sacrificed the fidelity of a friend to gain the favor of an enemy.

Mr. Speaker, when the scaffolding falls away the structure reveals itself in its true outline and proportions. So when the mists and circumstances of the present shall have passed, impartial judgment will assign OLIVER P. MORTON his proper place in history. I do not propose to attempt that here to-day; but the work for which Greeley wrought, which Sumner prosecuted, which MORTON pushed up to the very shore-line of death, will never be forgotten while American history is written or read.

And as error must give way to truth, force to reason, wrong to right, injustice to justice, and the equality of law ultimately prevail over all alike, so do I believe that the names of Giddings and Gree-

ley, Seward and Sumner, Chase and Stevens, Lincoln and Wilson, will stand all the tests of the future and grow brighter and brighter as time rolls on.

Last, but not least, in this list of departed statesmen stands the name of OLIVER P. MORTON.

Broken in health, stricken in body, but unconquered and unconquerable in spirit, he stood guard to the last over the precious legacies left to his care.

But he, too, is numbered with the dead. His voice is silent and he rests at last in the soil of his native State. The snows of winter mantle his grave and the winds that sweep the broad prairies of Indiana sing a sad requiem around his tomb. His name will be cut in brass, in bronze, and in marble; but, Mr. Speaker, when brass and bronze shall have corroded and crumbled, when marble shall have disintegrated and gone to ashes, then, as season follows season, as winter releases its grasp and flowers bloom upon his grave, so shall the memory of OLIVER P. MORTON ever spring fresh and green and beautiful in the grateful hearts of a loving people.

Address of Mr. HAZELTON, of Wisconsin.

Mr. SPEAKER, MORTON is dead, and the American Congress which he honored in his life pauses to-day to pay becoming reverence to his memory. They buried him at the capital of his native State amid the farewells, the tears, and the loves of kindred and friends, and now the nation bends down to cast the garlands of its respect and love upon his bier as it passes by.

He was the child of the Republic and his life-work stands among the grandest achievements of the nineteenth century. He is a marked example in our history of the beauty and the value of free

institutions in his development from the ranks of the people, up through State lines to the horizon of national politics and statesmanship broadened to the utmost limits of the Republic.

Carlyle said:

> He is most a king who makes the strongest impression on the age in which he lives though his scepter be a walking-stick.

In American polity he is most a statesman who makes the strongest impression on the age in which he lives for the good of his race and for human progress, and of such was OLIVER P. MORTON. The present and the future will see him, as in the hour of the nation's peril, as the great war governor of Indiana he organized victory against a gigantic opposition and replenished the exhausted exchequer of his State upon his own honor; will see him as he stood by the tottering pillars of the American Union to uphold and maintain them with his wisdom and his strength; will see him as he devoted his great energies, his lofty patriotism, his broad and practical statesmanship, the best labor of his life, and in the end life itself, to make us a freer and a better people.

Looking upon the face of Daniel Webster as he lay in his coffin by the sea, a loving neighbor remarked: "The world will be lonesome, Mr. Webster, now you are gone;" and so I thought when MORTON died, as I passed through the "long-drawn aisles" of the Capitol to his place in the Senate; to the chair craped with mourning; to the desk adorned by some loving hand with sweet flowers of condolence. It was the vacant chair at the nation's fireside, and I thought how lost the Senate, the party, the nation, the cause of human rights without him. Here in the Senate he took his stand for all that is valuable in human government; from this point radiates the light of his great work out into the world and across the centuries. Here his immortal hand help fashion the amendments to the Constitution,

which are the jewels of the world's liberty, and here he proclaimed the doctrine higher than all others, the doctrine of American life, of American vitality, of American perpetuity, of American duty; that the sovereignty of this nation, represented by its flag on land and sea, the sovereign power of the nation, was pledged to the maintenance of the rights of all its citizens, high and low, for all time on American soil; and for the rights and the duty of the Government to maintain and enforce it he was as

> Constant as the northern star,
> Of whose true-fixed and resting quality
> There is no fellow in the firmament.

Upon the question of equality before the law, in its declaration and in its maintenance for ten years in our history he stands peerless.

He loved power, but he never would have exercised it except to strengthen the grounds of liberty among men. He was ambitious, but he never would have exercised or used his ambition beyond the legitimate purposes of maintaining the liberty of man. He was honest; amid all the clouds of darkness that fell down upon that period of our history, when speculation was rife, when the fierce race for wealth had no scruple, "he kept the whiteness of his soul."

Mr. Speaker, OLIVER P. MORTON will be seen and heard in the councils of this nation no more forever. He has gone down to rest with the distinguished dead of the Republic, with her heroes and statesmen, with the immortal Douglas and Lincoln and Seward and Sumner; but his name and memory, like theirs and like the great deeds of American history, a part of which he was, will live until the evening stars shall fade away. There shall be but few prouder monuments in all America than that inscribed with his name and sacred to his memory. The pilgrim and lover of liberty "in the far ages yet to be shall come to kneel beside his grave and hail him prophet of the free."

Address of Mr. CALKINS, of Indiana.

Mr. SPEAKER, the last words of Senator MORTON deserve to be perpetuated in these memorial exercises. From the verge of the grave, in the unequal contest with the "grim monster," with husky voice he cried out "I am worn out; I am dying," and the next instant his spirit unfettered took its flight to realms unknown.

I propose to address myself to a few of the prominent characteristics of Senator MORTON as they impressed me in a long acquaintance with him, though not as intimate as that of many others who have addressed the House upon this occasion. In the nature of things I could not be on as intimate relations with him as many others nearer his age and who commenced political life about the time he did.

He entered prominently into politics while I was yet a boy, and from the beginning assumed the leadership of the republican party in my State and maintained it to the end. If the party in the nation during the last decade has had a leader he has approached nearer to that place than any other man in its ranks,—I mean a leadership in the sense of marking out and shaping national issues, announcing principles around and upon which the great body of the party crystallized, in which they believed, and for which they went out to do battle for their party.

Coming to the political front, as he did, at a time when great upheavals in public sentiment were being constantly cast to the surface and when political strife had fanned the flames of partisanship into a consuming fire, one less resolute, situated and surrounded as he was, would have been utterly crushed and overwhelmed. In my State the difference in the numerical strength of

the two great parties has always been small, and it has always required the best generalship to marshal the entire forces of both parties. To this work, as a natural leader, Senator MORTON was eminently fitted and qualified.

In 1856 his party, then in its infancy, nominated him as its standard-bearer at the head of the ticket; although at that time he was just entering politics and was comparatively a young man. His defeat made him stronger with the people than he was before, and like Lincoln's defeat in the great and ever memorable canvass between him and Douglas in 1858, in Illinois, the record he made brought him more prominently before the people and they regarded him as a leader and as a statesman.

In 1860 he accepted the second place on the republican ticket with ex-Senator Lane at its head. The republicans of the State at that time—as well they might—congratulated themselves that they had combined the elements of popularity and strength in the choice thus made. All who have ever listened to Senator Lane will bear me witness that he had few equals as a popular orator and that few men could sway the masses as he did. Following close upon the magnetism of this popular orator, Senator MORTON made his appearance upon the stump in that canvass, and with his clear-cut, crisp sentences and terse logic drove conviction deep into the hearts of all who heard him. The success of the republican party at that election resulted in calling Governor Lane to the United States Senate and OLIVER P. MORTON to the gubernatorial chair of the State.

I shall not pass in review his many acts while governor from 1861 to 1864, except to refer to a few occasional and exceptional instances, which serve to bring out in strong light the remarkable gifts of leadership and ability which he possessed.

Among the first acts of Governor MORTON, after he became acting governor of the State, which I now recollect, was his famous speech at Indianapolis upon the duty of each of the States then not in rebellion to furnish troops and supplies for maintaining the National Union. I remember how his sentences went through the press of the State and cemented all persons, irrespective of party, who loved the Union and desired to see it perpetuated. I will not at this time quote from his speech, for it is familiar to all. Suffice it to say that from that time every man in Indiana knew what would be the policy and course of its governor in the suppression of the rebellion, then in its incipiency. It was a masterly effort. It was quoted not only throughout the length and breadth of the State, but all over the North. It had the effect on those who were wavering of deciding them. It combined the Union sentiment of the two great political parties which had just before then been fighting for political mastery, and thenceforward in the State there was built up a patriotic sentiment second to none in the Union. Following close upon this he commenced the organization of troops in response to President Lincoln's call, and thenceforward was among the first governors to respond to each successive call.

During his administration Indiana furnished over two hundred thousand soldiers. This included some re-enlistments, but it does not include the re-enlistment of veteran organizations.

The raising and equipment of these troops was a Herculean task, and it was often remarked during and since the war that Governor MORTON's efforts for the Indiana troops seemed almost superhuman, and his personal presence among them did more to cement and encourage them in their perilous hours than any other act performed by any man during the war. It will be remembered that he personally bade each regiment that left the State "good-bye,"

giving them words of cheer and encouragement, and, with rare exceptions, was present to welcome them back when they returned worn and scarred with their laurels at the close of the conflict. He never forgot them nor ceased his ministrations while they were in the field. After the bloody engagement at Fort Donelson, I well remember seeing him arrive on the first boat that ascended the river with supplies and medicines for the wounded, accompanied by his staff of volunteer physicians, to personally look after the wants of the survivors. After every battle where Indiana soldiers fought he was among the first—if not the first—to reach the field with supplies and necessaries, and to minister to the wants and comforts of those who survived; and I cannot describe more eloquently his devotion to them than to quote from an Indiana wounded soldier after the battle of Shiloh, when he said:

> I saw the old governor reach out and shake hands with us, and then saw the tears start out of his eyes, as he saw the wounded and heard their groans. Since then I have appreciated his love for us.

His heart was as tender as a child's, and there were but few men who did not possess the power to resist appeals in a greater degree than Senator MORTON.

The veteran soldiery were his fast friends. In all political contests he rallied them nearly as one man. They loved him and loved to do him honor; and I predict that the recent call made on the veteran soldiery of Indiana for volunteer contributions to erect to his memory a statue will be responded to in the most speedy manner; that they will erect to him a monument fitting and fitted to perpetuate his name through all time to come; and when this monument is completed, as it soon will be, if I were allowed to suggest an appropriate inscription, I would have cut upon it the

simple but eloquent words "OLIVER P. MORTON, The Soldier's Friend."

Another prominent characteristic which Governor MORTON possessed in an eminent degree was his trenchant manner of expression. It would seem that he culled from the list of words the strongest and most intense, and when formed into his epigrammatic sentences they expressed in the clearest manner exactly what he meant to say. He was not a diplomatist, for he never made use of language for the purpose of concealing his ideas. After he had expressed himself, the world knew exactly what he meant. Coupled with this great power of expression was a natural gift of reasoning. I have rarely met a man who possessed pre-eminently the power of reasoning to such a degree as did Senator MORTON. When he turned his mind on any given subject and gave the result to the world there was little left to be said on either side.

In debate it mattered not how many were opposed to him or who were his adversaries. Numbers or ability never cowed him; and there were few that encountered him that were not "shorn of their strength." When he exposed fallacy, plausibility melted before his sledge-hammer blows. When he attacked deception, his shafts rent asunder the garb in which it was cloaked. When he dealt in invective, his foes withered before his terse sentences.

On all public questions Senator MORTON had decided convictions. He never temporized or apologized for his views. He rarely engaged in personal colloquy, and never indulged in personalities. He was a leader in public sentiment, and molded the opinions of others to his own. He was original and aggressive, bold, fearless, and intrepid. In the workings of his face could be traced the deep cogitations of his mind. When he uttered a sentence it was big with meaning and burdened with a world of

thought. He constantly impressed you with the immense reserve power which lay partially hidden behind the massive stern brow and fixed determined face.

In these days of sensationalism the magic of oratory over the masses in a marked degree has vanished. I remember with pride some of the names of Indiana's orators. The names of Hannegan, Marshall, Dunn, Wilson, and Willard, with their eloquence and magnetism, still burnish and brighten the pages of the history of my State. But Senator MORTON possessed neither magnetism nor eloquence, and yet his hearers hung upon his words like a "bee upon the flower;" for hours they would stand riveted to his utterances, while he never seasoned his speech with an anecdote or embellished it with a burst of eloquence. It was his plain, simple manner of statement which held them fast. It was that power which was referred to by the apostle when he said "Come, let us reason together."

As I have said, Senator MORTON lacked personal magnetism. He had little imagery in his composition. He made use of no poetry or lofty flights of eloquence. "Sweet soothing words" were not his. Electrical sparks never passed between him and his auditors. But combined with his simple and pure statement of fact he had a vein of pathos which reached every heart. In his political discussions I have often noted how his face lighted up with a strange fascination, and his sledge-hammer gesticulation exactly fitted the flaming face. His voice was distinct, not overanimated, but searching. The three combined seemed exactly fitted for each other and blended together in perfect harmony. Mr. Speaker, the eloquence, magnetism, and enchantment of popular orators may fade and be forgotten, but the remarkable canvasses and career and the more remarkable speeches of Senator MORTON will never be effaced.

In 1864 Mr. MORTON was elected governor of the State of Indiana. He was shortly afterward, in 1867, elected to the United States Senate, in which body he has been a continuous member up to the time of his death, making a public career in all of nearly twenty years. When he entered the Senate of the United States he found there the brightest talent of the land. He had no ordinary minds to grapple with. Many of his associates will justly take rank with the greatest of American statesmen; but in the midst of this constellation Governor MORTON at once took equal rank, and there were none, from the day he entered the Senate to the day of his death, who outshone him. As was truthfully remarked by his present successor in the Senate, "he was the ablest political leader this country ever produced." Contrast at this day would be objectionable, but I may safely say without giving offense to any that in the years that are to come, when the historian shall search the pages and records of that body, his pen will write OLIVER P. MORTON down as a man of the strongest mind, the greatest genius, more originality, and the largest individuality of any member that occupied a seat in the Senate with him. The constitutional lawyer in ages to come will read with interest his interpretations of that instrument; his utterances will be quoted when all of us have passed away.

Other nations have preserved the words of wisdom uttered by their great statesmen. So have we. We are familiar with the grand utterances of Adams, Jefferson, Calhoun, Webster, Clay, Benton, Douglas, Seward, and Sumner; but none of these will hold a greater place in the history of this nation than will OLIVER P. MORTON. Strewn along on every page is the impress of his giant intellect; ingrafted in the organic law of our land is the offspring of his mighty brain, and printed upon our statute books are the emanations of his lofty thought.